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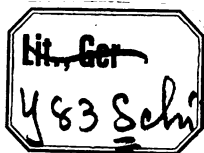
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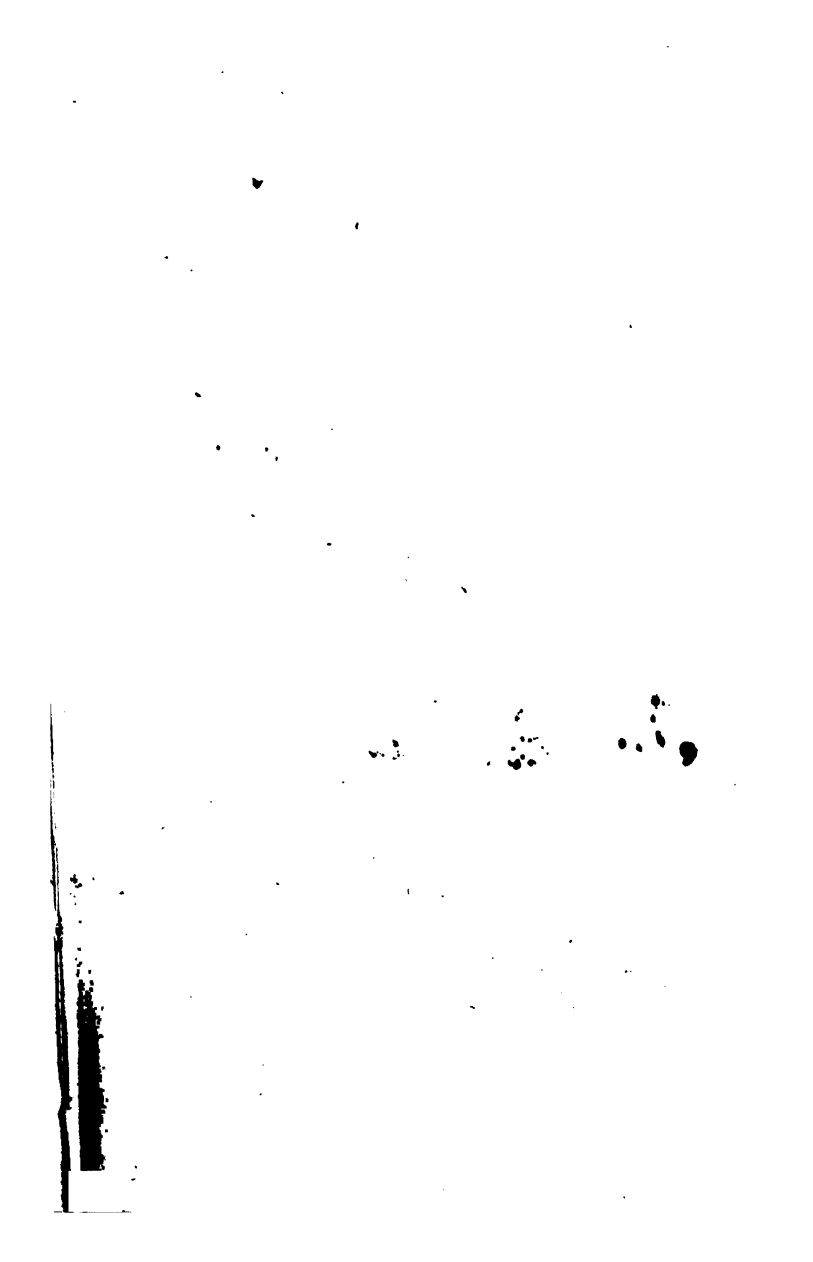
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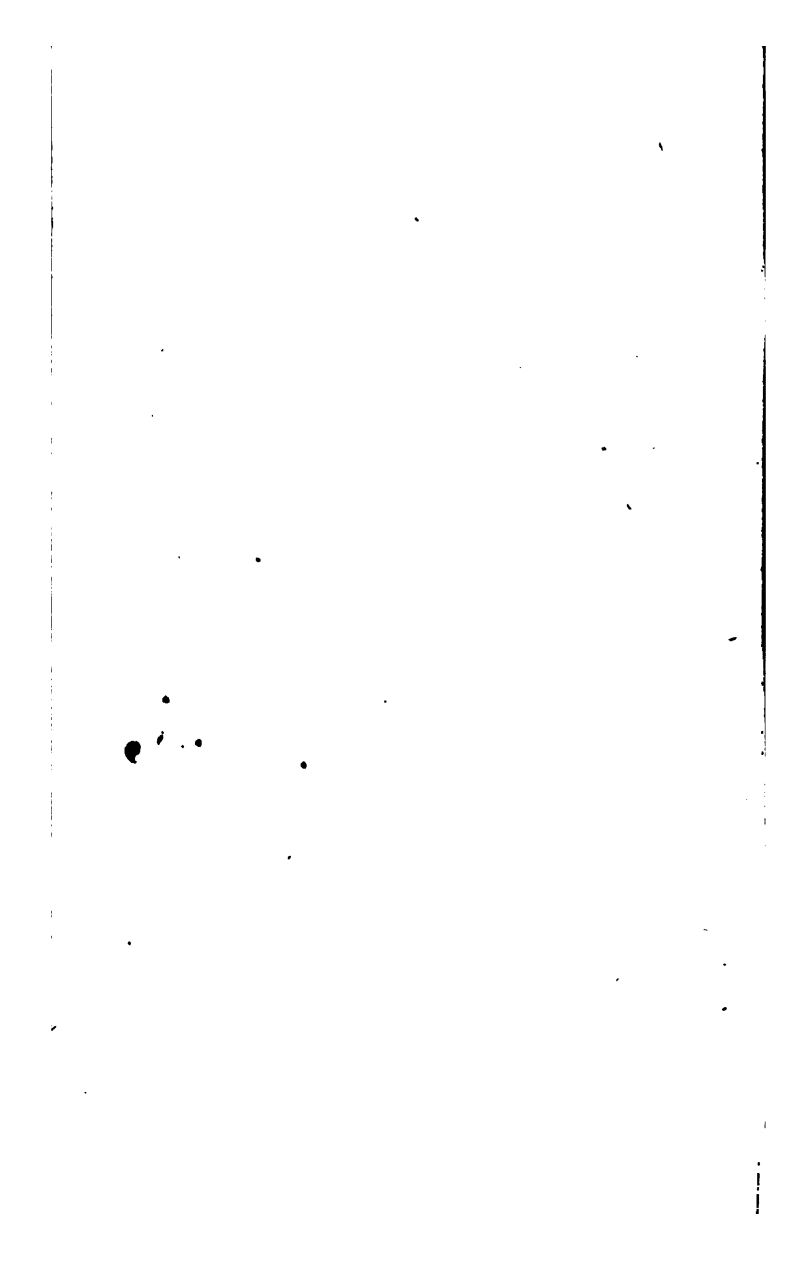


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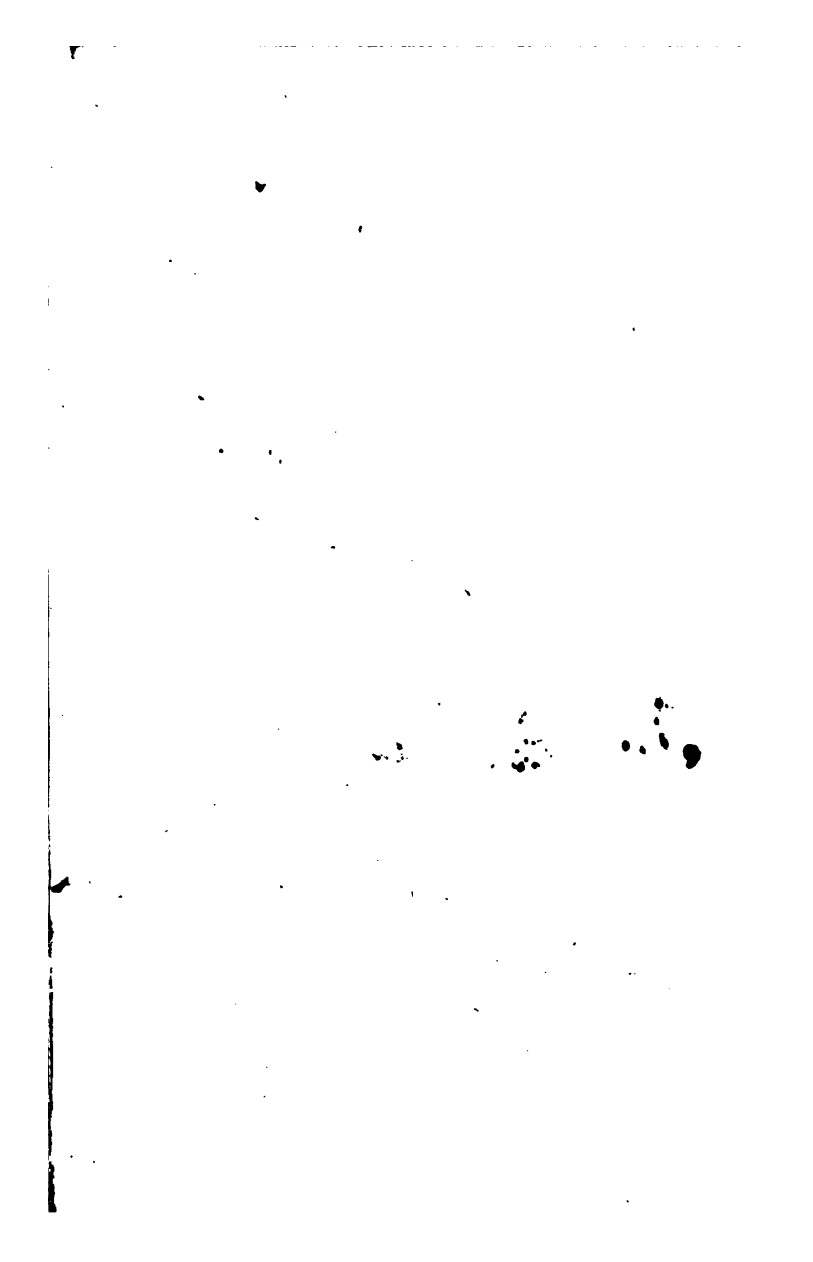
THE
MAID OF ORLEANS,
AND
OTHER POEMS.

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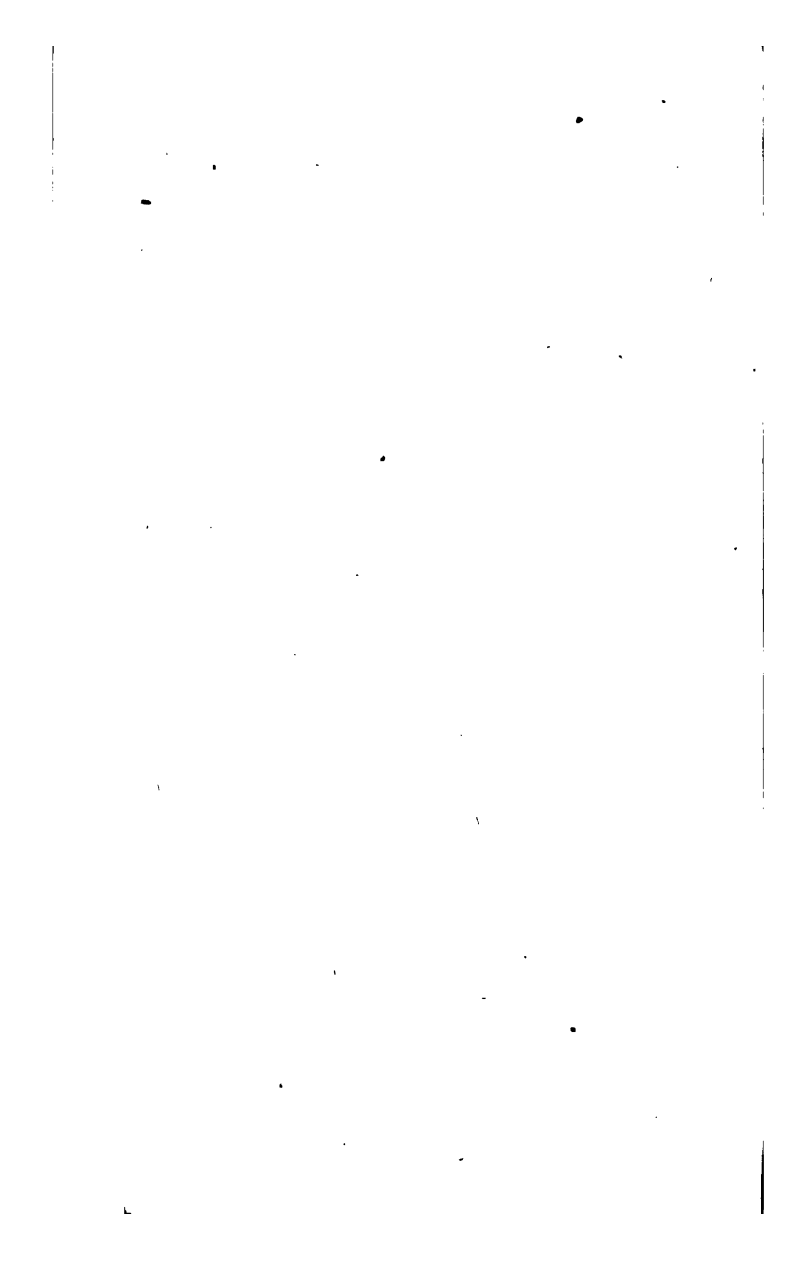
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THE

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by Johann Christoph ^{Friedrich} von Schiller

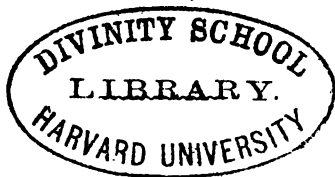
AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY

WILLIAM PETER, A. M.,

CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD.



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1843.

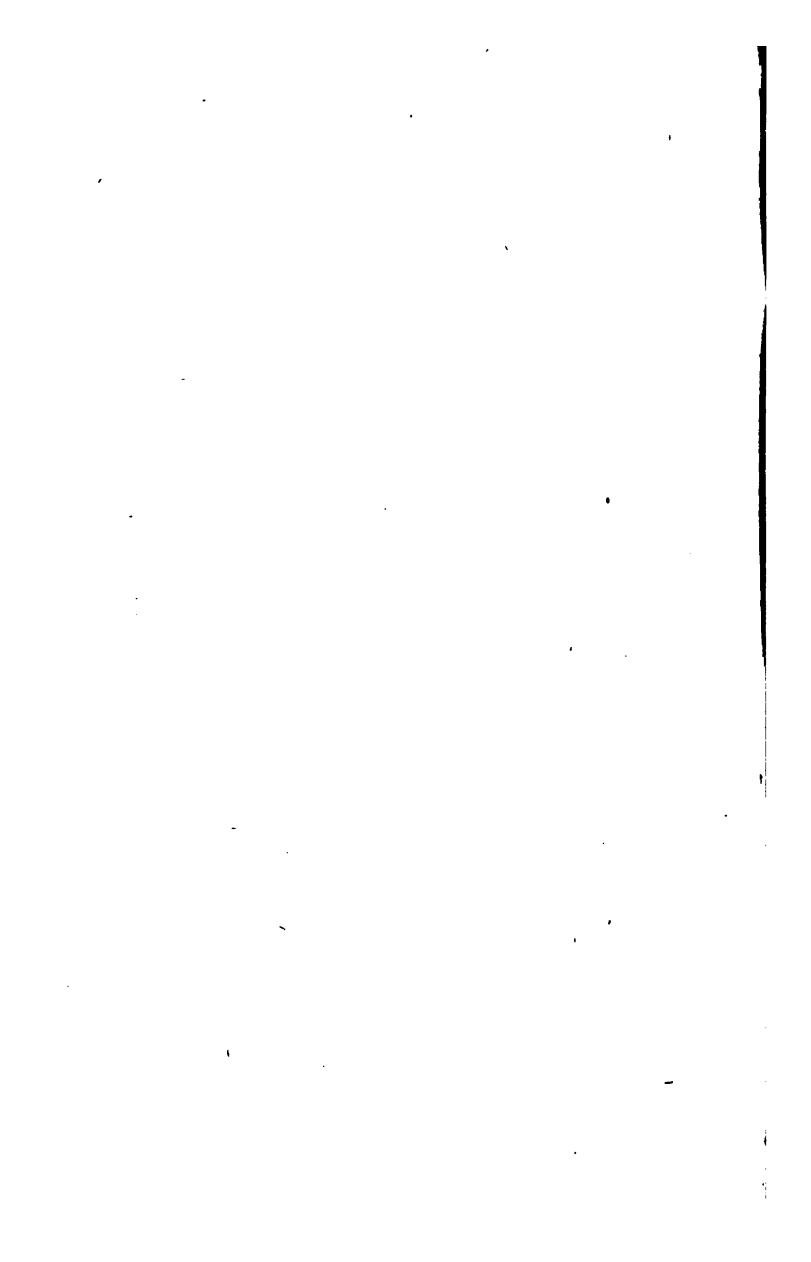
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TO
A DEAR AND HONOURED FRIEND,
IN GRATEFUL AND AFFECTIONATE TESTIMONY
OF HER TASTE, TALENTS, AND VIRTUES,
This little Volume
IS
INSCRIBED.

THE
MAID OF ORLEANS,
A ROMANTIC TRAGEDY.
FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

I know no spells, use no forbidden arts ;
My trust is in the living God.

SAMSON AGONISTES.



THE
MAID OF ORLEANS.

L'enthousiasme en tout genre est ridicule pour qui ne l'éprouve pas. La poésie, le dévouement, l'amour, la religion, ont la même origine ; et il y a des hommes, aux yeux desquels ces sentimens sont de la folie. Tout est folie si l'on veut, hors le soin que l'on prend de son existence ; il peut y avoir erreur et illusion partout ailleurs.

MADAME DE STAËL.

To mock the fair form of humanity,
In deepest dust THEE hath the Scorner* trod ;
With all that 's good at deathless enmity,
And trusting not in angel or in God,
Fain would Wit rob the soul of its best joys ; —
He wars with error, but true faith destroys.

Yet, like thyself, a gentle Shepherdess,
Of childish race, e'en pure and kind, as thou,
Thy name shall Poesy exalt and bless,
And with unfading halo wreath thy brow,
Shall soar with thee up to heaven's starry portal ; —
The heart created thee ; thou art immortal.

The World delights to blacken all that 's glorious,
From its bright throne to lay the lofty low ;
But fear not ! Faith like thine shall be victorious ;
Pure hearts are yet, that at her altars glow.
Momus may scoff, may hold his rabble-rites ; —
A noble Mind in nobler forms delights.

* Voltaire.

High amid the dead, who give
Better life to those that live,
See where shines the Peasant-Maid!

STERLING.

CHARACTERS.

CHARLES THE SEVENTH, King of France.

QUEEN ISABEAU, his Mother.

AGNES SOREL, his Mistress.

PHILIP THE GOOD, Duke of Burgundy.

COUNT DUNOIS, Bastard of Orleans.

LA HIRE, }
DU CHATEL, } Officers of the King.

ARCHBISHOP OF RHEIMS.

CHATILLON, a Knight of Burgundy.

RAOUL, a Knight of Lorraine.

TALBOT, General of the English.

LIONEL, }
FASTOLF, } English Commanders.

MONTGOMERY, a Welsh Knight.

MAGISTRATES OF ORLEANS.

AN ENGLISH HERALD.

THIBAUT OF ARC, a rich Peasant.

MARGOT, }
LOUISON, } his Daughters.
JOHANNA, }

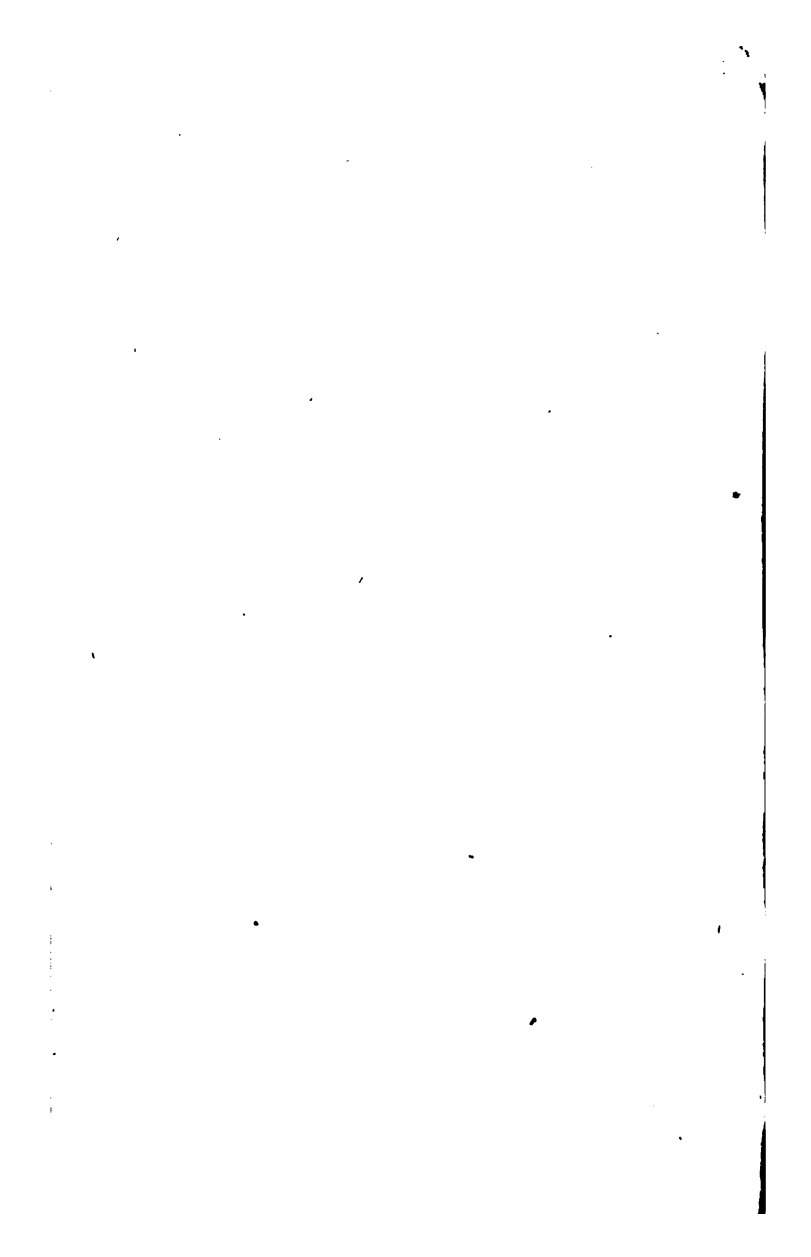
STEPHEN, }
CLAUDE-MARIE, } their Lovers.
RAYMOND, }

BERTRAND, another Peasant.

PHANTOM OF THE BLACK KNIGHT.

A COLLIER and his WIFE.

SOLDIERS and PEOPLE, COURTIERS, BISHOPS, MONKS, MARSHALS, MAGISTRATES, and other mute personages, assisting at the coronation, &c.



PROLOGUE.

A Rural District. In front, towards the right, a small Chapel with an Image of the Virgin; on the left, a high Oak.

SCENE I.

THIBAUT of Arc; his three DAUGHTERS, and three young SHEPHERDS, their Lovers.

THIBAUT.

Yes, one day more, dear neighbours, we are Frenchmen,
Free citizens and lords of the old soil
Our fathers ploughed; God only knows who may
Be ruling here to-morrow! All around,
Proud waves the Briton's banner on our walls;
Fierce sweep his trampling war-steeds o'er our fields.
Already Paris has received the victor,
And with the ancient crown of Dagobert
Adorns the sapling of a foreign race.
Disherited and fugitive in his
Own realm, must the descendant of our kings
Go forth; his nearest cousin, his first peer,
In hostile arms; nay, his own raven-mother
Conspiring with invaders to destroy him.
Farms, villages, are blazing round us; nearer
And nearer still, to these yet peaceful vales,
On rolls the ruthless flame of desolation. —

'T is therefore, neighbours, that, with God's permission,
I would, whilst means are yet within my power,
Provide for my dear daughters. Woman needs
In time of war some firm friend and protector,
And true love helps to make all burdens lighter.

[To the First Shepherd.]

Come, Stephen ! Long have you been wooing Margot.
Our fields run neighbourly beside each other,
Your hearts accord as one ; — this will knit closer
The marriage-band ! —

[To the Second Shepherd.]

Claude-Marie ! Are you silent ?

And my Louison, does she droop her eyes ?
What ! would I separate two faithful hearts,
Because you have not gold or lands to offer me ?
Who now has wealth to boast of ? House and barn
May fall a prey to the next foe or fire ;
The surest roof-stead, in a time like this,
Is the true bosom of an honest husband.

LOUISON.

My Father !

CLAUDE-MARIE.

My Louison !

LOUISON [embracing Johanna].

Dearest Sister !

THIBAUT.

To each of you I will give thirty acres
Of good plough-land, with buildings, yard, and stock, —
God hath bless'd me, and will, I hope, bless you.

MARGOT [embracing Johanna].

Gladden our father ; take example from us ;
Let the same morning smile on three glad unions.

THIBAUT.

Have all prepared ; to-morrow is the wedding,
And the whole village shall partake our joy.
[The two couples go off the stage arm in arm.]

SCENE II.

THIBAUT, RAYMOND, and JOHANNA.

THIBAUT.

Thy sisters will be married ; I shall see
Them happy ; they will gladden my old age ;
But thou, my youngest, bring'st me nought but sorrow.

RAYMOND.

What's your complaint? Why do you chide your daughter?

THIBAUT.

Here 's this good youth, with whom in the whole village
Not one can be compared for excellence,
Has, these three harvests past, been wooing thee
With silent, but heartfelt, solicitude.
His every wish is centred in thy love,
And still, with cold reserve, dost thou reject him.
Nor have his rivals proved more fortunate

In winning yet the favor of thy smile. —
I see thee there in the full glow of youth,
The springtide of life's hopes all glittering round thee,
Thy form expanding into woman's beauty,
And still I wait in vain for the sweet flower
Of love to blossom from its tender bud,
And ripen into golden fruits of joy!
O, this can never please me, for it argues
Some strange defect of nature! I like not
That heart, which, in the heyday of young feeling,
Lies cold and stern, locked up from all around it.

RAYMOND.

Enough, good Father Arc! Let her alone.
The love of my most excellent Johanna
Is as a noble, tender fruit of heaven,
And noblest fruits ask longest time to ripen;
The costly grow not up but by degrees.
As yet she loves to dwell upon the mountains,
Preferring the free breeze and flowery heather
To the smoked roofs and lowborn cares of men.
Oft, from the depths of these lone vales, have I
Gazed in mute wonder, as, amidst her herds,
High on some upland pasture's ridge she stood,
With rapt eye wandering o'er this little world.
Her port seemed not of earth; I could have taken her
For some bright creature of another sphere.

THIBAUT.

'T is that, which most displeases me! She flies
The cheerful conversation of her sisters,
Quitting her nightly couch ere crow of cock,

And sojourning all day amongst the hills.
E'en at the fearful hour when neighbours draw
In closer circle round the winter's hearth,
Like some lone bird, into the realm of ghosts
She flits away, shuns each frequented path,
And holds dark converse with the mountain-breeze.
Why is *this* spot her chosen haunt? Why must she
For ever drive her flocks to batten here?
Whole hours do I behold her meditating
Beneath the shadow of yon Druid-oak,
Which all glad creatures shun. For 't is not safe there;
From oldest heathen times an Evil Spirit
Hath had his residence beneath that tree,
And oft, at dead of night, from its dark boughs
(As village crones relate) strange sounds are heard;
Yea, I myself, as once in the late twilight
My homeward journey led me near its shade,
Beheld a spectre-woman sitting there,
Who slowly, from the folds of her dark mantle,
Stretched forth a withered hand and beckoned me; —
I breathed a prayer to Heaven and hurried by.

RAYMOND.

[Pointing to the Holy Image in the Chapel.]

The presence of that Gracious Form, which strews
Such heavenly peace and sunshine round her path;
'T is that, not Satan, brings your daughter hither.

THIBAUT.

O, no! No, Raymond! Never were such dreams,
Such visions, as I 've seen, sent down for nothing.
Three several times have I, in sleep, beheld her

High seated on our royal throne at Rheims ;
A sparkling diadem of seven gold stars
Upon her head, a sceptre in her hand,
From which sprang three white lilies ; there she sat,
And I, her father, her two sisters, and
All the Archbishops, Princes, Counts, of France,
Nay, e'en the King himself, bowed down before her.
But what means all this splendor in my cottage ?
So proud a height argues as deep a fall !
This warning-dream is sent me, as an emblem,
To show the vain ambition of her heart.
She 's shamed at her own lowness, — because God
With richest beauty hath adorned her body,
With rarest treasures hath endowed her mind,
Beyond all other maidens of the valley,
She nurses sinful pride within her heart ;
And pride it is, whereby the angels fell,
And wherewith Satan still ensnares mankind.

RAYMOND.

Where would you find discreeter, purer worth
Than in your gentle daughter ? Is she not
A cheerful handmaid to her elder sisters ?
High as she stands, endowed above her fellows,
You yet behold her, like a lowly maiden,
Contented to perform the hardest duties.
'T is wonderful to see your herds and crops,
How they increase beneath her watchful care.
Some blessing, some incomprehensibly
Kind fortune, seems to wait on all she does.

THIBAUT.

Ay, most incomprehensible, indeed, —

I shudder at the very luck she brings us. —
But nothing more of this ! No, no ! I am,
I will be, silent. God forbid that I
Should turn accuser of my own dear child.
All I can do is, to pray for and advise her.
“ Shun yonder oak,” I say ; “ stay not alone,
Prepare no potions, dig no roots at midnight,
Nor trace strange characters upon the sand.
'T is easy to unsphere the realm of spirits,
Who, ambushed, lie within their thin-roofed cells,
Prompt to burst forth at every mortal call.
Remain not out alone ; 't was in the wilderness
That Satan e'en approached the Lord of Heaven.”

SCENE III.

BERTRAND enters with a helmet in his hand.

RAYMOND.

Hush ! Here is Bertrand, just come back from town.
See what he brings !

BERTRAND.

You stare, you look surprised
At the strange implement I 've in my hand.

THIBAUT.

Indeed we do. But tell us how you came
Possessed of such a thing, and why you bring

So ill a token to our peaceful valley.

[Johanna, who in the two preceding scenes had remained quietly on one side, indifferent to what was passing, becomes all at once attentive, and draws nearer.]

BERTRAND.

I scarcely know myself how I came by it.
I had been buying tools at Vancouleurs,
And found a fearful press around the market ;
For numerous fugitives had just arrived
From Orleans, with sad tidings of the war.
In tumult the whole city ran together ;
And, as I forced my passage through the throng,
A brown Bohemian wife stepped up to me,
Stared in my face, and, holding up this helmet,
Cried ; " Comrade, you are looking for a helmet ;
I know, you are looking for one. Here, take this !
I'll sell it to you for the merest trifle." —
" Go to the Lanzknechts," I replied ; " I am
A countryman, and have no need of helmets."
But she would not be so put off, continuing ;
" No man can say, he does not want a helmet.
Be warned by me ; in times like these, a roof
Of steel is better than a house of stone." —
And thus she followed me from street to street,
Still pressing on me what I did not want.
Howe'er, I saw the helm was beautiful
And bright, and worthy of a knightly brow,
And then, half doubtful, poised it in my hand,
Reflecting o'er the strangeness of the adventure ;
When, all at once, the woman disappeared,
Swept from my sight by the surrounding throng,
And leaving thus the helmet in my hand.

JOHANNA [eagerly snatching at it].

Give me the helm !

BERTRAND.

What use is it to you ?

'T is no adornment for a maiden's head.

JOHANNA [snatching the helmet from him].

Mine is the helmet ; it belongs to me.

THIBAUT.

What ails the maiden ?

RAYMOND.

Let her have her will !

This warlike ornament doth well become her,
For in her bosom beats a manly heart.
Think, how she overcame the tiger-wolf,
That furious beast, which had laid waste our folds,
And which the boldest herdsman stood in dread of.
She, all alone, the lion-hearted virgin,
Strove with the foe, and wrung from him the lamb,
Which, in his bloody jaws, he 'd borne away.
Whatever valiant brow this helm may cover,
It cannot deck a worthier !

THIBAUT [to Bertrand].

Say, what fresh

Calamity hath happened ; what news, from
The scene of war, these fugitives have brought us.

BERTRAND.

God help the King, and pity our poor country !
In two great battles have we been defeated ;
The enemy stands in the midst of France ;
Has won his way up to the very Loire,
And now, with his whole force assembled round him,
Beleaguers Orleans.

THIBAUT.

God of Heaven protect
Our sovereign !

BERTRAND.

Artillery from all parts,
In endless trains, has been brought up against us ;
And darkling, as bees clustered thick around
Their summer hive, or like some locust-cloud,
For many a mile, o'ershadowing the lost land,
Black scowls the war-storm on' the plains of Orleans.
With hubbub of strange tongues their camp resounds ;
For Burgundy leads on his various host,
His men of Liege, of Luxembourg, and Hainault,
Of Namur, and of flourishing Brabant ;
Of Ghent, all flaunting in their silks and velvets,
And Zealand, rising from the watery plain ;
His dairymen of Holland, his brave Utrechters,
Nay, those that look towards the icy pole,
From farthest Friesland, — they are following all
The heribann of their Burgundian lord,
And doom devoted Orleans to the dust.

THIBAUT.

O the unholy, lamentable discord,
That turns the arms of Frenchmen against Frenchmen !

BERTRAND.

Even she, they say, the old Queen Isabeau,
The proud Bavarian Princess, may be seen
In armor, riding through the camp, and with
Fierce words and poisonous insinuations
Working up all the people into fury
Against the very offspring of her womb.

THIBAUT.

Heaven's curses on the haughty Jezebel !

BERTRAND.

The shatterer of walls, dread Salisbury,
Conducts the siege ; with him that brother of
The lion, Lionel, and murderous Talbot,
Whose sword mows down whole squadrons in the fight.
In reckless fury have these tyrants sworn
To give our virgins up to ignominy,
Our matrons, sires, and children, to the sword.
Four high projecting towers have they erected
To overhang the town, from which Lord Salisbury,
With murder-lusting eye, looks down and notes
Each passer, as he hurries through the streets.
Thousands of hundred-pounder shot already
Have fallen upon the city ; churches lie
In smoking ruin, and the imperial tower
Of Notre-Dame bows low its hallowed head.

They have even dug their mines, and the whole city
Stands trembling, as it were, o'er gulfs of hell,
Expecting every moment to be whirled
In crash of flame and thunder to its doom.

[Johanna listens with eager and strained attention to the recital, and puts on the helmet.]

THIBAUT.

But where were then our valiant warriors? where
Saint Railles, La Hire, and France's promptest breast-guard,
The heroic Bastard, that the enemy
Has been allowed thus far to win his way?
Where is the King? or does he tamely see
His country's danger and his cities' fall?

BERTRAND.

At Chinon does the sovereign hold his court;
He cannot keep the field for want of troops.
What is the leader's soul, the hero's arm,
When pallid fear has paralyzed his host?
A panic, as it were sent down by Heaven,
Has seized the bosoms of our bravest soldiers.
In vain their princes summon to the war;
Like trembling sheep, that hear the night-wolf's howl,
In coward flocks, our Frenchmen run together,
And, all forgetful of their ancient fame,
Seek only safety in walled towns and castles.
One knight alone, they tell me, has collected
A slender reinforcement, and advances
With sixteen banners to his monarch's aid.

JOHANNA [eagerly].

What is the warrior's name?

BERTRAND.

'T is Baudricourt.

Yet much I doubt if he elude the foe,
Who, with two armies, presses at his heels.

JOHANNA.

Where keeps the knight? Inform me, if you know.

BERTRAND.

He is scarcely a day's march from Vaucouleurs.

THIBAUT [to Johanna].

What 's that to you? You 're asking questions which
But ill become a maiden of your years.

BERTRAND.

E'en Vaucouleurs is lost ere this. Despairing
Of succour from their sovereign, and appalled
At the increasing numbers of the foe,
Unanimously its burghers have resolved
To render up the place to Burgundy.
Thus we escape at least a foreign yoke,
Remaining with the race of our old kings, —
Nay, possibly, reverting to the crown,
When Burgundy and France are reconciled.

JOHANNA [with enthusiasm].

No compacts! No surrender! The Deliverer
Draws near, is armed for battle. Before Orleans
All shipwrecked sinks the fortune of the foe!
His measure, it is full; his hour 's arrived.

With her sharp sickle shall the Virgin come
And lay low the whole harvest of his pride.
Down from the heaven she tears his glory, which
He thought to have suspended o'er the stars.
Despair not ! Fly not ! Ere the rye be yellow,
Ere the moon fill her disk, no English steed
Shall be seen drinking in the stately Loire.

BERTRAND.

Alas, the age of miracles is past !

JOHANNA.

No ! there shall yet be wonders, — a white Dove
Is on the wing, and shall, with eagle-boldness,
Assail these vultures that lay waste the land.
With Burgundy, the traitor, with this Talbot,
The hundred-handed menacer of Heaven,
With sacrilegious Salisbury, shall she
Engage in fight ; and swift, like flocks of lambs,
Shall these proud islanders be swept before her.
The Lord shall be with her, the God of battles.
A poor, weak, trembling creature will He choose ;
E'en through a tender maiden will His name
Be glorified ; for He is the Almighty !

THIBAUT.

What spirit has possessed her !

RAYMOND.

'T is the helmet
Stirs up these warlike thoughts within her soul.
Look ! What a lustre flashes from her eyes,
And what a fire is glowing on her cheeks !

JOHANNA.

And must this kingdom fall, — this land of glory,
The fairest that the everlasting sun
Sees in his course, this Paradise of earth,
Which God loves as the apple of his eye?
Shall France succumb beneath a foreign yoke? —
Here foundered was the heathen's might; here first
Arose the Cross, arose the sign of grace;
Here rest the ashes of the holy Louis;
From hence the blessed sepulchre was won.

BERTRAND [in amaze].

Hark to her words! From whence could she have drawn
Such lofty revelations? Father Arc,
The Lord has blessed you with a wondrous daughter.

JOHANNA.

We are to have no longer our own monarchs,
No sovereigns born on our own soil, — the King,
Who never dies, is to be taken from us, —
He, who protects the sacred plough, who guards
Our flocks and pastures, makes our furrows fertile,
Gives freedom to the serf, and girds his throne
With prosperous towns and smiling villages, —
Who aids the feeble and appalls the proud,
Who knows not envy, for he is the greatest,
Who is a mortal, and an angel too
Of mercy, in this world of strife. — The sceptre,
Which shines so bright with gold, is an asylum
Of the forsaken, — might and mercy there
United stand, — the guilty dreads it, but

The just, in humble confidence, draws nigh
And gambols with the lions round the throne !
The foreign king, who comes from far, — the bones
Of whose forefathers rest not in this land, —
How can he love it? He, who was not young
With our young people, — to whom our native tongue
Speaks not in tones familiar to the heart, —
Can he be as a father to his children ?

THIBAUT.

May God preserve our King and Country ! We
Are peaceful country-folks ; we know not how
To wield the sword, or guide the warlike steed.
Let our obedience be reserved for him
Whom victory shall give us for our king.
The issue is with God, and our liege lord
Is he who shall receive the sacred oil
And set upon his head the crown at Rheims. —
Come to your work ! Let 's mind our own affairs,
And leave these lords and princes of the earth,
To cast lots for the empire of the earth.
We may in peace look on, nor heed the fray ;
For storm-proof stands the soil we cultivate.
Flames may reduce our villages to ashes ;
Their horses' hoofs may trample down our crops ;
But a new season brings us a new harvest,
And our light huts are soon built up again.

[Exeunt all but Johanna.]

SCENE IV.

JOHANNA [alone].

Farewell, ye mountains, ye beloved pastures,
Ye calm and hospitable vales, farewell !
No more amongst you will Johanna wander ;
Johanna bids you her last sad farewell.
Bloom on, ye meads, ye flowers, that I have watered
Ye plants, that I have reared with tender hand !
Farewell, ye grottos, and ye cooling fountains,
And thou, who oft hast answered to my songs,
Sweet echo, friendly voice of this lone shore !
Johanna goes, and will return no more.

Soil of my heart's calm hopes, my youth's first gladness,
For ever must I leave you, scenes so fair !
Ye lambs, that once had soothed me in my sadness,
Disperse ; — ye 're left without a shepherd's care !
Forlorn I go ; to scenes of guilt and madness,
To charge of other flocks must I repair ; —
Yet not ambition, not vain glory guides me ;
The spirit's voice, and that alone, decides me.

The voice of HIM who erst, on Horeb's height,
From out the burning bush to Moses spoke,
Commanding him to stand in Pharaoh's sight
And rescue Israel from the stranger's yoke ;
Of HIM, who armed young David for the fight ;
Yes, 't is HIS voice I hear from yonder oak, —
'T is HE, the shepherd's Friend, that sends me forth,
And bids me testify for Him on earth.

"In steel," He says, "thy bosom must thou cover,
In roughest armor must thy limbs be dressed ;
No bright domestic dreams shall round thee hover,
No tender thoughts of kindred, home, or rest ;
No bride's wreath deck thy brow, no happy lover,
No blooming infant, smile upon thy breast ;
But thou shalt have a name, a place, in story,
Surpassing all e'er told of woman's glory.

"When the last hour, last hope, of France draws nigh,
When e'en the stoutest sink, the bravest yield,
Then shalt thou wave mine oriflamme on high,
Call back the flying fortune of the field,
And mow down these proud English hosts, like rye ;
Shalt be thy country's sword, thy country's shield ;
To her fallen sons unhopèd-for freedom bring,
Deliver Rheims, and crown thy rightful king."

A token hath God promised, a sure sign ;
He sends it now ; from Him the helmet came ;
Its very touch imparts a strength divine,
A seraph's ardor, to my thrilling frame ;
Into the thronging battle's foremost line,
It drives, it whirls me on, with power of flame ;
I hear, I hear the tumult gathering round ;
The trumpets crash, the war-steed paws the ground.

[Exit Johanna.]

ACT THE FIRST.

King Charles's Court at Chinon.

SCENE I.

DUNOIS and DU CHATEL.

DUNOIS.

I 'LL not endure it longer. No! I will
Renounce this king, who thus ingloriously
Turns traitor to himself. My heart bleeds in me,
I could weep burning tears of shame and anguish,
To see this ancient kingdom, this fair France,
Thus made the spoiler's prey, — her noblest cities,
That had grown old with monarchy itself,
Rendering their rusty keys to the invader,
Whilst we sit here in dastardly repose,
Wasting the precious hours that might have saved them. —
I heard the enemy was threatening Orleans,
And instant flew from farthest Normandy,
Thinking to find our sovereign in the field
With his assembled forces, and, behold!
I find him — here! surrounded by buffoons
And troubadours, unravelling idle riddles,
And feasting and gallanting with the Sorel,
As though the land were in profoundest peace. —
The Constable is gone; he can support

These sights no longer. — I shall also go,
And leave him to his evil destiny.

DU CHATEL.

Here comes the King!

SCENE II.

Enter CHARLES.

CHARLES.

The Constable has sent me back his sword,
And quits my service. — Well, 't is as God wills!
We are rid, at least, of a cross, surly fellow,
Who fain would have been master of us all.

DUNOIS.

A man is of much value in these times;
I cannot view his loss with such indifference.

CHARLES.

You say so from mere love of contradiction;
Whilst he was here, you never were his friend.

DUNOIS.

He was a pompous, disagreeable fool,
Who never knew to take things as he ought, —
Except on this occasion. Now, however,
He has timed it well. He goes, when he can gain
No farther honor by remaining with us.

CHARLES.

Now thou art in one of thine agreeable humors ;
I will not interrupt its course. — Du Chatel !
There are envoys just arrived from old King René,
Famed masters of the song. Let them be treated
As their high worth demands ; and give to each
A chain of gold.

[To Dunois.] Why do you laugh ?

DUNOIS.

To see
Thy mouth, how glibly it drops chains of gold.

DU CHATEL.

Sire, there is no money in the treasury.

CHARLES.

Then instantly procure some. — Noble bards
Must not depart unhonored from my court.
'T is they, that make the withered sceptre bloom,
Enwreath our barren crowns with amaranth
And flowers of life immortal, exercise
Dominion equal to the mightiest sovereigns,
And from light wishes build themselves up thrones.
Not in dull space their peaceful empire lies ;
Therefore shall bards go, hand in hand, with kings, —
They both dwell on the heights of human greatness.

DU CHATEL.

My royal master ! I have spared thine ear
As long as means or hope of help remained ;

But now necessity unties my tongue. —
Thou 'st nothing more to give ; there 's barely left
Sufficient to provide thee for to-morrow !
Thy treasury is at its lowest ebb.
The troops are still unpaid, and, murmuring,
Even threaten to withdraw. — I scarce know how
To keep thy house in common necessities,
Much less in splendor as befits a king.

CHARLES.

Mortgage my royal lands and revenues,
And borrow money of the Lombarders.

DU CHATEL.

Ah, sire ! thy royal lands and revenues
Are pledged already for the next three years.

DUNOIS.

And meantime pledge and country both are lost.

CHARLES.

We still have many a fair and fertile province.

DUNOIS.

Yes, whilst it pleases God and Talbot's sword !
If Orleans fall, you may keep flocks with your
King René.

CHARLES.

Thou art always exercising
Thy wit on him ; yet 't is this realmless prince,
That sends me, even to-day, such kingly presents.

DUNOIS.

But not his crown of Naples, — for God's sake,
Not that ! — 'T has been on sale, they say, e'er since
He took to tending sheep.

CHARLES.

'T is a recreation,
A festal joy, in which the good old man
Indulges his warm heart, thus to build up,
Amidst these scenes of barbarous, rough reality,
A little world of purity and peace.
Yet 't is a great, a kingly wish, — he would
Bring back the ancient days of chivalry,
When gentle courtesy held sway, when love
Exalted the heroic hearts of knights,
And noble dames sat by to judge the prize,
With nicest sense all subtleties resolving.
In those gone times dwells the serene old man,
And, as they yet survive in ancient songs,
Like a heaven-city in the golden clouds,
So would he fain establish them on earth.
He is instituting now a Court of Love,
Where knighthood shall revive in all its glory,
Where sun-bright chastity shall sit enthroned,
And pure affection once more bless mankind ;
And me has he elected for its prince.

DUNOIS.

I am not so degenerate, so unnatural,
As to assail the sovereignty of Love.
To him I owe my name, I am Love's son,

And all my heritage lies in his kingdom.
My father was the gallant Prince of Orleans ;
No female heart was proof against his power,
Yet was he as resistless in the field.
Wouldst thou be Prince of Love, wouldst thou achieve
That glorious name, — be bravest of the brave !
Love, — as I read in ancient story, — Love
Went with high deeds of chivalry ; and heroes,
Not shepherds, sat at the round-table. Who
Stands not up bravely in the cause of Beauty
Is all unworthy of the prize she gives. —
Here are the lists ! Fight for thy father's crown,
Defend with knightly sword thy realm of France,
Her noble daughters' honor and thine own, —
And when, from out the sea of hostile blood,
Thou 'st won back thine hereditary crown,
Then, — and 't will well become thy princely brow, —
Then shall Love crown thee with his wreath of myrtle.

CHARLES [to a gentleman who enters].

What is it ?

GENTLEMAN.

Here are magistrates from Orleans,
Who crave an audience with your majesty.

CHARLES.

Admit them.

[Exit gentleman.]

They are come for help ; what help
Can a man give, himself forlorn as I am ?

SCENE III.

Enter three **MAGISTRATES** of Orleans.

CHARLES.

Welcome, my faithful burghers ! How fares it
With our good friends at Orleans ? Does the city
Continue still, with its accustomed spirit,
To hold out 'gainst the enemy ?

MAGISTRATE.

Alas, Sire !

The city 's at its utmost straits ; each hour
But sees the flood of ruin gathering nearer ;
At each assault the enemy gains ground.
Our outworks are destroyed, our walls unmanned,
Our garrison worn out with constant fighting ;
There are scarcely troops to guard the inner gates,
And e'en the plague of hunger threatens the city.
In this extremity, our governor,
The noble Count de Rochepierre, has agreed,
According to old usage, to surrender
On the twelfth day, unless, within that time,
An army, strong enough to save the city,
Shall come to our relief.

[Dunois displays violent emotions of anger]

CHARLES.

The term is short.

MAGISTRATE.

And now, with a safe conduct from the enemy,
We come to supplicate thy princely heart,
That thou wouldst take compassion on the city,
And send us help within the allotted term,
Else, in twelve days, will Orleans be lost.

DUNOIS.

Could Saint Railles lend his voice to such a treaty,
So dastardly a treaty?

MAGISTRATE.

No, my lord!
So long as he was living, none durst breathe
A syllable of peace or of surrender.

DUNOIS.

Then he is dead?

MAGISTRATE.

Under the walls of Orleans
The hero perished, fighting for his king.

CHARLES.

What! Saint Railles dead? Alas, in that one man
I lose a host!

[A knight enters, and whispers Dunois, who starts up in anger and confusion.]

DUNOIS.

This, only this, was wanting.

CHARLES.

Well! What now?

DUNOIS.

The Lord Douglas sends us word,
That the Scotch troops have mutinied, and threaten
To quit the camp, unless, this very day,
They are paid up their arrears.

CHARLES.

Du Chatel!

DU CHATEL [shrugging his shoulders].

Sire,

I know of no expedient.

CHARLES.

Promise, pledge!
Pledge all thou hast, pledge half my kingdom —

DU CHATEL.

'T will
Avail us nought. Too often have they been
Put off already.

CHARLES.

They are the best troops
In all my camp. They must not leave us now.

MAGISTRATE [on his knees].

O sovereign, help us! Think of *our* distress!

CHARLES [in despair].

Can this foot stamp up armies from the earth ?
Will cornfields grow and ripen in my hand ?
Tear me in pieces, tear out my whole heart,
And coin it into gold ! My blood, my life,
I give you, but I 've neither troops nor money.

[Sees Agnes Sorel entering, and hastens towards her with outstretched arms.]

SCENE IV.

Enter AGNES SOREL, with a casket in her hand.

CHARLES.

O mine own Agnes ! My beloved Life !
Thou com'st to snatch me from despair ! I have
Thee still, can fly for comfort to thy breast.
Nothing is lost, for thou art still mine own.

AGNES.

My dear King ! [Looking around her with anxiously inquiring eyes.]
Dunois, is it true ? Du Chatel ?

DU CHATEL.

Alas !

AGNES.

Is the necessity so great ?
Is there no money ? Will the troops withdraw ?

DU CHATEL.

Yes ; with regret, with anguished heart, I speak it.

AGNES [forcing the casket on him].

Here, here are jewels, here is gold, — melt down
My plate, — pledge, sell, my manors, lands, and castles, —
Borrow on my estates in Provence, — turn
All into money and appease the troops. —
Away ! Away ! No time is to be lost !

[Hurrying him off.]

CHARLES.

Now, Dunois ! Now, Du Chatel ! Am I poor,
Possessing such a treasure of a woman ? —
She is nobly born as I am ; the proud blood
Of Valois is not purer than her own ;
She would adorn the highest throne on earth, —
Yet she disdains it ; anxious but to be
My love, — to hold her empire o'er my heart.
When did she e'er permit from me a gift
Of costlier worth than some rare fruit in winter,
Or flower of earliest spring ? From me she has
Accepted nothing, and yet gives up all.
Her wealth, her whole possessions, generously
She ventures, to sustain my sinking fortunes.

DUNOIS.

Ay, she is, every bit, as mad as thou art ;
She throws her all into a burning house,
And draws up water in the Danaid's bucket.
She will not save, but only perish with thee, —

AGNES.

Believe not what he says ! Ten times at least
He 's risked his life for thee, and now is angry
Because I risk my gold ! And have I not
(Ay, and without repining) sacrificed
For thee what 's dearer far than gold and jewels ?
And now, forsooth, must think of worldly fortune ! —
. Come ! Let 's away with superfluities,
With idle pomp and ornaments of life !
Let me be first to set thee an example
Of brave renunciation and forbearance !
Turn thy court-squires and lackeys into soldiers,
Thy gold to steel ! Whate'er thou hast, stake all
In manly resolution for thy crown !
Come ! Come ! We will ourselves partake the danger.
Let 's mount our war-steeds, brave all suns and weather,
Make clouds our canopy, and rocks our pillow.
The rudest warrior will bear his own sufferings
With ten-fold patience, when he sees his king
Encountering like perils and privations.

CHARLES [smiling].

Now will the old prediction be fulfilled,
Which I heard spoken by a nun of Clermont.
A woman, so she said, a woman would
Make me victorious over all my foes,
And win back for this head my father's crown.
Far off, amid the hostile camp, I sought her ;
I 'd hoped my mother's heart might be appeased ;
But here 's the Heroine that leads me to Rheims ;
Through my sweet Agnes' love shall I prove victor.

AGNES.

You 'll prove so through the sword of your brave friends.

CHARLES.

I 've hopes too from mine enemies' dissensions.
For sure report has reached me, that between
These haughty lords of England and my cousin
Of Burgundy all stands not as it did.

'T is therefore that I have despatched La Hire
With message to the Duke, and trust we may,
Ere long, bring back the irritated peer
To his old wonted loyalty and truth, —
I am waiting, every moment, his return.

DU CHATEL [at the window].

He is galloping, e'en now, into the court.

CHARLES.

Most welcome messenger! Now for our fate, —
Whether we are to conquer or retreat.

SCENE V.

Enter LA HIRE.

CHARLES [going to meet him].

La Hire! And dost thou bring us hope, or not?
Tell me at once, what have I to expect?

LA HIRE.

Hope nothing more, except from thy good sword.

CHARLES.

The haughty Duke will not be reconciled ?
Speak ! Tell me, how did he receive my message ?

LA HIRE.

Before all, — e'en before he 'd lend an ear
To my despatches, — he demanded, that
Du Chatel (whom he calls his father's murderer)
Should be delivered up to him.

CHARLES.

And what
If we reject the infamous proposal ?

LA HIRE.

Why then the treaty ends as it began.

CHARLES.

Didst thou thereon, as I enjoined thee, challenge him
To single combat with me, at the bridge
Of Montereau, whereon his father fell ?

LA HIRE.

I threw him down thy glove, and said, thou wouldst
Forego thy royal dignity, and, as
A knight, do battle with him for thy kingdom ;
But he replied, it was not needed of him
To fight for that which was already his.

CHARLES.

LA HIRE.

DUNOIS.

CHARLES.

LA HIRE.

CHARLES.

LA HIRE [after a moment's reflection].

The coronation festival began

Just as I reached St. Denis. The Parisians
Were dressed out all in holyday attire ;
Triumphal arches rose in every street,
Through which the English monarch passed along ;
His way was strewed with flowers ; and, shouting, as
If France had won her noblest victory,
The exultant people rushed around his car.

AGNES.

They shouted, — shouted to have pierced the heart
Of their affectionate and gentle King ?

LA HIRE.

I saw young Harry Lancaster, the boy,
Sit on the royal throne of our Saint Louis ;
Bedford and Gloucester, his proud uncles, stood
Beside him, whilst Duke Philip knelt below,
And did him homage for his lands in France.

CHARLES.

O most degenerate peer ! Unworthy cousin !

LA HIRE.

In mounting the high steps before the throne,
The child grew terrified and missed his foot.
“ An evil omen ! ” murmured those around,
And sounds of laughter rose throughout the hall,
When, instant, the Queen Dowager, thy mother,
Advanced towards him, and, — I grieve to say —

CHARLES.

Proceed.

LA HIRE.

Taking the infant in her arms,
Herself she placed him on thy father's throne.

CHARLES.

O, mother! mother!

LA HIRE.

E'en the fierce Burgundians,
Those blood-accustomed hordes, looked down and blushed
For very shame, at the unnatural sight;
Which she perceiving, turned towards the people
And with loud voice exclaimed; "Thank, thank me,
Frenchmen,
For thus ennobling our degenerate stock
With a pure, vigorous graft,— for freeing you
From the base son of a crazed, worn-out sire!"

[The King covers his face; Agnes hastens to him and clasps him in
her arms; all the bystanders express their horror and indignation.]

DUNOIS.

The she-wolf! The foul poison-breathed Megæra!

CHARLES.

[After a pause, addressing himself to the magistrates of Orleans.]

You 've heard, — you see yourselves, — how things stand
here.

Tarry no longer, but return to Orleans,
Announcing to my tried and faithful burghers,
That I absolve them from their oaths to me;
That they had best consider their own safety,
And throw themselves upon the Duke of Burgundy.
He is called the good; he 'll show, at least, humanity.

DUNOIS.

What, Sire, and wouldst thou thus abandon Orleans ?

MAGISTRATE [on his knees].

My royal liege ! O, withdraw not from us
Thy hand ! Surrender not thy faithful city
To the harsh yoke of an o'erbearing foe !
She is a precious jewel in thy crown ;
Not one is there, which, to the kings, thy fathers,
Has e'er kept holier faith.

DUNOIS.

Are we defeated ?

Or is it lawful thus to quit the field
Without a sword struck in defence of Orleans ?
With one light word, and ere a drop of blood
Has flowed to save her, wouldst thou thus erase
Thy noblest city from the heart of France ?

CHARLES.

Enough of blood has flowed, and all in vain !
Heaven's heavy hand, alas ! is sore against me ;
Defeated are my troops in every battle ;
My Parliament rejects me ; with loud shouts
Of joy my capital receives the victor ;
My nearest kin abandon and betray me, —
E'en my own mother has disowned her son,
And hugs a foreign bantling to her breast. —
We will at once withdraw beyond the Loire,
Submitting to the mighty hand of Heaven,
Which combats with the English.

AGNES.

No ; God wills not
That we should thus despair of our own arms,
That we should turn our back upon the kingdom.
Such word came not from out thy valiant breast.
The cruel act of an unnatural mother
Has broken my heroic monarch's heart!
Thou 'lt be thyself again, and manfully
Withstand the fate that wars so fierce against thee.

CHARLES [lost in gloomy thought].

Is it not true? A dark and fearful destiny
Rules o'er the race of Valois ; 't is of God
Rejected ; an unnatural mother's crimes
Have drawn down plagues and curses on our house ;
For twenty years my father lay in madness ;
Three elder brothers has the hand of death
Mowed down before me ; it is Heaven's decree
That the whole house of the sixth Charles shall perish.

AGNES.

In thee it shall be renovated ! Have
But faith in thine own self. — O ! not in vain
Has a kind Providence reserved thee, — thee
Alone of all thy brethren, — summoned thee,
The youngest, to an unexpected throne.
Within thy gentle soul has Heaven prepared
A kindly balm for all the bitter wounds
Which faction's rage inflicts upon the land.
Thou, — my heart tells me so, — thou wilt extinguish

The flames of civil discord, wilt plant peace,
And be the founder of regenerate France.

CHARLES.

Not I. These rough and tempest-beaten times
Require a stouter steersman's hand than mine.
I might, perchance, have blessed a peaceful people ;
A wild, rebellious one I cannot tame ;
I cannot open bosoms with the sword,
Closed up and alienate in hate against me.

AGNES.

The people are deceived, some error blinds them ;
But soon will the illusion pass away.
The love for an hereditary king,
So deeply grafted in the hearts of Frenchmen,
(The day is not far distant,) will awake ;
The hate, the jealousy, which have so long
Kept separate France and England, will revive ;
His own success, ere long, will crush the victor.
Then, O ! abandon not the battle-field
Thus hastily ; contest each inch of ground ;
As thine own breast, defend the town of Orleans ;
Sink every boat, burn every bridge, destroy
All means to pass beyond these boundaries, —
To pass the Stygian waters of the Loire.

CHARLES.

What I might do, I 've done. I have proposed
In knightly combat to decide the strife, —
The foe refuses me. What, then, remains ?
In vain I lavish my dear people's blood,

And see my fairest towns reduced to ashes.
Wouldst thou have me, like that unnatural mother,
Partition out my children with the sword ?
No, 't is for their own sakes that I renounce them.

DUNOIS.

How, Sire ? Is this the language of a king ?
Resign thy crown ? There 's not the meanest subject
Within this realm, but would risk life and fortune
For his opinions, for his hate or love.
When the red flag of civil war 's unfurled,
No soul but becomes party to the strife.
The laborer leaves his plough, the wife her distaff ;
Gray-headed men and children fly to arms ;
The burgher fires his town, the boor his harvest,
With his own hands, as it best helps or harms thee,
And furthers the first wishes of his heart.
He neither prays nor practises forbearance,
When charging at the trumpet-call of glory,
When fighting for his idols or his gods.
Away, then, with this womanish compassion,
Which is unworthy of a royal breast. —
Let the war rage on, as it has begun ;
Thou 'st never wantonly inflamed the strife.
The people must dare all things for their King ;
It is the law and destiny of earth.
The Frenchman knows not, nor would have it otherwise.
Contemptible 's the nation, which sets aught
In competition with its honor.

CHARLES [to the magistrate].

Hope

No other answer. May the Lord protect you !
I can do nothing more.

DUNOIS.

May the great God

Of victory on thee for ever turn
His back, as thou now turnest thine upon
Thy father's kingdom ! Thou abandonest
Thyself, and so will I abandon thee.
It is not England's, no, nor Burgundy's
United powers ; it is thine own despondency,
Thy cowardice, that hurls thee from a throne.
The kings of France are heroes born ; but thou
Hast been unwarlike brought up.

[To the magistrate.]

The King

Abandons you. But I will throw myself
In Orleans, in the city of my father,
And find myself a grave beneath its ruins.

[He is going ; Agnes detains him.]

AGNES [to the King].

O let him not depart from thee in anger !
Harsh words his mouth has uttered, but his heart
Is true as gold ; it is the same, that loves thee
So warmly, and has bled so often for thee.
Come, noble Dunois, come ! Confess, that passion
Transported you too far. And thou, my sovereign,
Forgive thy faithful friend a hasty word.
Come, come, and let me quickly reunite
Your generous hearts, ere rash, destroying rage
Be lit up inextinguishably between you.

[Dunois looking at the King and seeming to await his answer.]

CHARLES [to Du Chatel].

We pass the Loire. Let instant preparations
Be made for our embarkment.

DUNOIS [hastily to Agnes].

Fare thee well!

[Turns away hastily, and goes out, followed by the magistrates.]

AGNES [wringing her hands in despair].

If he forsake us, we are all undone! —
Follow, La Hire! Endeavour to appease him.

[Exit La Hire.]

SCENE VI.

CHARLES, AGNES SOREL, and DU CHATEL.

CHARLES.

Is, then, a crown the one sole good of life?
Is it so hard, so bitter, to resign it?
I know what is yet harder to be borne, —
To be ruled over by these haughty lords,
To live but at the sufferance, at the grace,
Of insolent, self-willed, rebellious vassals, —
'T is this is hardest for the noble mind,
And bitterer far than bonds which fortune brings us.

[To Du Chatel, who still delays.]

Do as I have commanded!

DU CHATEL [throwing himself at the King's feet].

O my King!

CHARLES.

My resolution 's taken. No more words.

DU CHATEL.

Appease the Duke of Burgundy! I see
No other means or chance of safety for thee.

CHARLES.

This thou advisest me, and 't is THY BLOOD
Wherewith I 'm called upon to seal this peace.

DU CHATEL.

Here is my head. In open battle oft
I 've risked it for thee, and with equal joy
I am ready now to lay it on the scaffold.
Conciliate the Duke ; surrender me
To the whole transport of his fury ; let
My blood appease the ancient hate betwixt you.

CHARLES.

[Viewing him for some time in silent emotion.]

Is it, then, true ? Am I so fallen, that
Even friends, who see into my heart, can bid me
Thus seek a road to safety through dishonor ?
Yes, now I feel the depth to which I am fallen,
Since all reliance on my honor 's lost.

DU CHATEL.

Think —

CHARLES.

Not a word more. Irritate me not.
I'd sooner turn my back on twenty kingdoms,
Than buy them with the life-blood of a friend. —
Do what I have commanded. Go, and let
My equipages be embarked.

DU CHATEL.

That will
Be quickly done.

[Exit Du Chatel.]

SCENE VII.

CHARLES and AGNES SOREL.

CHARLES [taking her by the hand].

Be not cast down, mine Agnes !
There lies another France beyond the Loire ;
Thither we'll go, — into that happier land, —
There smiles a milder, never clouded heaven,
And lighter breezes blow, and softer manners
Will welcome us ; there dwells the voice of song,
And life and love are in their sweetest bloom.

AGNES.

O, must I see this day of anguish ? Must
The King go forth an exile from his throne ?
The son, a wanderer from his father's hearth ?

O dear, dear land, we 're leaving ! Never more
In joy shall we revisit thy sweet plains.

SCENE VIII.

Re-enter LA HIRE.

AGNES.

Returned alone ? Could you not bring him back ?

[Observing him nearer.]

Say, what is it ? What does that look announce ?
Some new misfortune has occurred !

LA HIRE.

Misfortune

Has spent her storms, and now again 't is sunshine.

AGNES.

Speak, I conjure you.

LA HIRE [to the King].

Instantly recall

The deputies of Orleans.

CHARLES.

Why ? what has happened ?

LA HIRE.

Recall them quick. The tide of fortune 's turned ;
A battle has been fought, and thou art victor !

AGNES.

Victor ! O heavenly music of the tongue !

CHARLES.

La Hire, some fabling rumor has deceived thee.

Victor ! I 'll not believe in victory more.

LA HIRE.

O, thou wilt soon believe even greater wonders. —
There the Archbishop comes. He is bringing back
Count Dunois to thine arms.

AGNES.

O, lovely flower
Of Victory, what heavenly fruits you bring us,
Peace and conciliation !

SCENE IX.

Enter ARCHBISHOP OF RHEIMS, DUNOIS, DU CHATEL, with
RAOUL in his knight's armor.

ARCHBISHOP.

[Conducting Dunois to the King and joining their hands.]

Embrace each other, Princes ! Let all strife
And rancor cease betwixt you ; Heaven itself
Declares in our behalf. [Dunois embraces the King.]

CHARLES.

Deliver me

From my perplexity, from my astonishment.
What does this solemn earnestness announce?
What 's worked this sudden change?

ARCHBISHOP.

[Leading forth Raoul and presenting him to the King.]

Inform his Majesty.

RAOUL.

We marched with sixteen banners from Lorraine
To join thy royal host, — Sir Baudricourt
Of Vaucouleurs our chief. — And now we 'd reached
The heights of Vermanton, and were descending
Into the valley watered by the Yonne,
When, suddenly, just where the plain expands,
The foe appeared in front, and looking back
We saw the flash of armor in our rear.
We found ourselves hemmed in between two hosts,
And not a chance of conquest or retreat.
The bravest quailed, and all, as in despair,
Were instantly for laying down their arms.
Whilst now the chiefs sought counsel of each other,
Sought it and found not, — lo, a miracle!
Emerging from the depths of a dark wood,
A damsel stood before us, with helmed head,
Like a war-goddess, bright and beautiful,
Yet terrible, to view! Adown her neck,
In long, dark ringlets, fell her hair; a light
From heaven seemed to illumine the far heights
Around, as, lifting up her voice, she spake;
“What daunts you, gallant Frenchmen? Charge the foe!
And, be his numbers as the sands of ocean,

God and the Holy Virgin lead you on." —
And, snatching from the standard-bearer's hand
His ensign, on she strode before our van.
We, dumb with wonder, following, as it were
Instinctively, the banner and the bearer,
Rush forwards, fierce as lightning, on our foes. —
Confounded, motionless, with looks aghast,
Wide-staring at the sight before their eyes ;
Awhile they stood at gaze, — then suddenly,
As though God's terrors had been on them, turned
Their backs in flight ; arms, armor, casting from them ;
And scattered, in wild flocks, across the plain.
No threats, no exhortations, of their chiefs
Could rally them ; with terror senseless, they
Rushed headlong, man and horse, into the torrent,
Whirled off or swallowed up without resistance.
It should be called a slaughter, not a fight !
Two thousand foes lay stretched upon the field,
Not reckoning those that perished in the flood,
Whilst not a man was missing from our ranks.

CHARLES.

Most strange, by heavens ! Most strange and wonderful !

AGNES.

And a young girl has worked this miracle ?
Who is she ? Or whence came the maiden ?

RAOUL.

That

She will reveal to no one but the King.
She calls herself God's messenger, and promises

To rescue Orleans ere the change of moon.
The people credit her and thirst for battle.
She follows us ; she 'll soon herself be here.

[Sounds of bells and clashing of arms from without.]

Hark to the bells ! and to the people's shouts !
They are welcoming this messenger of God.

CHARLES [to Du Chatel].

Conduct her in.

- [To the Archbishop.]

What must I think of this ?

A maiden brings me victory, brings it
Even now, when nothing but God's arm can save me !
This surely is not in the course of nature,
And dare I, — ought I, to believe the wonder ?

VOICES [from without].

Hail to the maiden ! Hail to our deliveress !

CHARLES.

She comes ! — Dunois, do thou assume my place.
We will make trial of this wondrous maid.
If she 's inspired and truly sent from God,
She 'll instantly distinguish who is King.

[Dunois seats himself ; the King and Agnes Sorel stand on his right ;
the Archbishop and the others opposite ; leaving the centre of the
stage vacant.]

SCENE X.

Enter JOHANNA, accompanied by the DEPUTIES OF ORLEANS, and several KNIGHTS, who fill up the back-ground of the scene. She advances with a noble air, surveying the circle around her.

DUNOIS [after a solemn silence].

Art thou the wonder-working maiden, who —

JOHANNA.

[Interrupting him, with dignified and tranquil mien.]

Bastard of Orleans ! wouldst thou tempt thy God ?

Resign that seat, which was not meant for thee.

My mission 's to a greater one than thou art.

[She goes up to the King with an assured step, kneels down before him, then rises and draws back. All present express their astonishment. Dunois resigns his seat to the King.]

CHARLES [to Johanna].

Thou seest my face this day for the first time ;

Whence, then, thy knowledge of me ?

JOHANNA.

I beheld thee,

Where no one else beheld thee, but thy God.

[Approaching the King, and addressing him in a mysterious manner.]

Sire, recollect last night ! Whilst all around

Lay buried in repose, thou left'st thy couch

And didst address an ardent prayer to God.

Let *them* withdraw, and I 'll repeat to thee

The substance of that prayer.

CHARLES.

What I confide
To Heaven, I care not to conceal from men.
Tell me the purport of my supplications,
And I shall doubt no more that God inspires thee.

JOHANNA.

There were three prayers which you addressed to Heaven.
Dauphin, attend if I rehearse them rightly !
The first was, that, if any soil or taint
Attaching to the crown, if any crimes
Committed in the times of thy forefathers,
And yet unexpiated by their sons,
Called down this woful strife, that God would pour
On thy sole head the vials of his wrath,
And take thee as a ransom for thy people.

CHARLES [drawing back in fear.]

Who art thou, Mighty One? Whence comest thou?
[All testify their astonishment.]

JOHANNA.

Thy second prayer was, that — if it pleased Heaven
To wrest the sceptre from thine ancient race,
And strip thee of whate'er the kings, thy fathers,
Possessed within this realm — three blessings might
At least be spared thee, an untroubled breast,
A friend's regards, and thy dear Agnes' love.

[The King hides his face, sensibly affected ; all around evince liveliest
emotion and astonishment. After a pause —]

Shall I declare the sum of thy third prayer?

CHARLES.

Enough ! I doubt thee not. This far exceeds
All human power ! The highest God hath sent thee.

ARCHBISHOP.

Who art thou, wonderful and holy maiden ?
What happy land produced thee ? Speak ! Who are
The parents blest, that boast of such a child ?

JOHANNA.

Most venerable lord, my name 's Johanna.
I 'm but a shepherd's daughter of Dom Remi,
A village in the diocese of Toul,
And, from a child, have kept my father's flocks ;
But, hearing much of these strange islanders,
That came across the sea to make us slaves
And force a foreign master on the land,
Who cares nought for the interests of his people, —
Hearing, that they had seized on our great town
Of Paris, and were threatening the whole realm,
I called upon God's Mother for assistance,
To turn from us the shame of foreign chains,
And keep our native kings upon the throne.
And just before the hamlet, where we live,
There stands an ancient image of Our Lady,
Through ages the resort of pious pilgrims ;
And hard by, on the green, there is an oak
For many holy miracles renowned,
And often in its shade I used to sit
And tend my herds, for my heart drew me thither ;
And ever, if a lamb had chanced to stray

Amongst the hills, I saw it in my dreams,
Whilst sleeping in the shadow of that tree. —
And once, as I sat there a wake-long night
In pious prayer, the Holy One appeared,
Bearing a sword and banner, but, all else,
In shepherd-garb, as I was ; she drew nigh,
And thus, in gracious speech, accosted me ;
“ ’T is I. Arise, Johanna ! Leave thy herds ;
The Almighty calls thee to another charge.
Receive this banner ; gird this sword around thee ;
Exterminate therewith my people’s foes ;
Conduct thy sovereign’s son to Rheims, and place
The royal crown of France upon his head ! ”
“ But how,” said I, “ how can a tender maid,
Unskilled in battles, undertake such deeds ? ”
To which she answered ; “ A pure virgin, who
Can resist earthly love, will not want power
To accomplish aught that ’s excellent on earth.
Behold me, — a chaste maiden, e’en as thou art, —
I gave birth to the Lord, to the Divine One,
And am myself divine ! ” And then she touched
Mine eyelids, and, as I looked upwards, lo !
The heaven was full of angels with white lilies,
And sweetest music floated through the air. —
And thus, three nights successively, the Holy One
Appeared, each time exclaiming ; “ Rise, Johanna !
The Almighty calls thee to another charge.”
But, when she showed herself on the third night,
Her wrath was kindled, and she spake reproachfully,
Saying ; “ Obedience is a woman’s duty ;
Endurance is her portion ; by long service
And ordeal must she be purified ;

She, who has served on earth, is great in heaven."
And, speaking thus, she dropped her shepherd-weeds,
And stood an angel-queen in all her brightness,
Then melted slow away, on golden clouds
Upborne, into the regions of the Blest.

[All are affected; Agnes, unable to restrain her tears, hides her face
in the King's bosom.]

ARCHBISHOP [after a long and deep pause].

Before such heavenly, such pure testimony
All doubts of earthly wisdom must be dumb.
Her acts attest the truth of what she says;
Such wonders none could work but the Almighty.

DUNOIS.

'T is not her wonders, 't is her eyes I trust,
The innocence of her ingenuous face.

CHARLES.

And how have I, a sinner, found such grace?
All-searching and unerring Eye, thou seest
Mine inmost soul and knowest my humility!

JOHANNA.

Humility, and most of all in princes,
Is incense sweet to Heaven; thou hast abased
Thyself, and therefore God exalteth thee.

CHARLES.

And so I shall withstand mine enemies?

JOHANNA.

I 'll lay them in subjection at thy feet.

CHARLES.

And Orleans, thou sayst, shall not surrender?

JOHANNA.

The Loire shall sooner flow back to its source.

CHARLES.

And I shall enter Rheims a conqueror?

JOHANNA.

Through hostile thousands will I lead thee thither.

[All the Knights present testify their enthusiasm with loud clashing of their swords and bucklers.]

DUNOIS.

Place the brave maiden at our army's head,
We'll follow blindfold where the godlike leads us.
Her Heaven-taught eye shall marshal our bold ranks,
And these good swords shall form a rampart round her.

LA HIRE.

We care not for a world in arms, if she
Conduct our battles. Victory goes with her;
Let her, the Mighty, lead us to the field.
[The Knights all advance, clashing their swords.]

CHARLES.

Ay, holy maid, do thou conduct our host,
And all its knights and nobles shall obey thee.
This sword, which, in his ire, the Constable
Has sent us back, shall find a worthier hand.

Do thou receive it, holy prophetess,
And be henceforth —

JOHANNA.

Not so, most noble Dauphin!
Not through this instrument of earthly power
Has victory been promised to my master.
'T is with another sword, that I shall conquer.
I will describe it, as the Spirit taught me.
Let it be sent for and brought hither.

CHARLES.

Where

Are we to find it?

JOHANNA.

Send to the old town
Of Fierboys. There, within St. Catherine's churchyard,
Lies a deep vault, containing many a pile
Of arms, the spoils of ancient victories.
There shall be found the sword to do my purpose.
'T is easy to be known by three gold lilies
Emblazoned on the blade. Let them bring here
That sword, for 't is through that thou art to conquer.

CHARLES.

Go instantly, and do as she desires.

JOHANNA.

And let them also bring me a white banner
Enclosed within a border of bright purple.
And on that banner let there be portrayed

The Queen of Heaven with her sweet infant, Jesus,
Floating in light o'er this dark ball of earth ;
For thus the Holy Mother showed it to me.

CHARLES.

It shall be as thou sayest.

JOHANNA [to the Archbishop].

Reverend sire,
Stretch forth your consecrated hand on me,
And speak the word of blessing to thy daughter.
[Kneeling.]

ARCHBISHOP.

Thou art come here to shed blessings, not receive them. —
Go, and God's power be with thee ! But for us,
We are unworthy sinners all —

GENTLEMAN OF THE COURT.

A herald

From the English general.

JOHANNA.

Let him enter, for
'T is God hath sent him.

[The King motions to the gentleman, who goes out.]

SCENE XI.

Enter HERALD.

CHARLES.

What bring'st thou, herald? Say, what is thine errand?

HERALD.

Tell me, who answers here for Charles of Valois,
The Count of Ponthieu?

DUNOIS.

Despicable slave!
Unmannered herald! Darest thou thus deny,
Thus brave, the King of France on his own soil? —
Thy scutcheoned coat protects thee, else thou shouldst —

HERALD.

France recognizes but one King, and he
Is in the English camp.

CHARLES [to Dunois].

Be calm, good cousin,
Restrain thyself! — Now to thy mission, herald!

HERALD.

My noble general, grieving at the blood
Which has already flowed, and yet may flow,
Retains awhile his sword within its scabbard,
And, ere he gives up Orleans to the storm,
Vouchsafes to offer thee kind terms of peace.

CHARLES.

Let 's hear them.

JOHANNA [advancing].

Sire, permit me in thy stead
To parley with this herald.

CHARLES.

Do thou so, maiden ;
Resolve thou whether it be war or peace.

JOHANNA [to the herald].

Who sent thee here ? Who 's speaking through thy mouth ?

HERALD.

Our British general, the Earl of Salisbury.

JOHANNA.

Herald, thou liest ! The Earl speaks not through thee.
The living only speak, and not the dead.

HERALD.

My general lives, lives in full health and vigor, —
Ay, lives for the destruction of you all.

JOHANNA.

He lived at thy departure ; but, this morning,
As he was standing on the Tournelle tower,
A shot from Orleans stretched him in the dust. —
Thou laugh'st, because I tell of things far off ?
Then credit not my words, but thine own eyes !

As thou return'st, thou 'lt meet his funeral train. —
Now, herald, speak and let us know thine errand.

HERALD.

Nay, if thou art so wise in hidden things,
What needs my speech? Thou know'st it, ere I tell thee.

JOHANNA.

Thy message I heed not ; but hear thou mine,
And carry back these words to them who sent thee ; —
Sovereign of England's isles, and ye, proud Dukes
Of Bedford and of Gloucester, who administer
The kingdom in his name ! Make quick account
To Heaven's high Judge of all the blood ye have spilt !
Surrender up the keys of all the cities
Which, counter to God's laws, ye 've taken from us !
The Maiden comes, sent by the King of Heaven,
To offer you a peace or bloody war.
Choose ! For I say to you, that all may know it, —
Not this fair realm of France hath Mary's Son
Assigned to you. 'T is Charles's. 'T is my lord,
The Dauphin, to whom God hath given it ;
And he, in royal state, shall enter Paris,
Begirt with all the mightiest of his realm. —
Now, herald, hence ! and speed thee on thy way !
For, ere that thou hast time to reach the camp
And tell thy tale, the Maiden will be there,
And plant her conquering Banner upon Orleans.

[She quits the stage ; all put themselves into motion ; the curtain falls.]

ACT THE SECOND.

A Country enclosed with rocks.

SCENE I.

TALBOT, LIONEL, PHILIP of Burgundy, FASTOLF, and CHATILLON, with Soldiers and Banners.

TALBOT.

HERE let us halt, and, under these high rocks,
Form a strong camp. Perchance we may collect
The fugitives, who fled at the first panic.
Keep a good watch, and occupy the heights.
The night, indeed, secures us from pursuit,
And, save the enemy has wings, I see
No danger of surprise. But still there needs
Precaution, for the foe is bold, and we
Are beat. [Exit Fastolf with the soldiers.]

LIONEL.

Beat ! General, utter not the word
Again ; I cannot hear, I cannot think it,
That Briton ever showed his back to Frenchman. —
O, Orleans ! Orleans ! death-bed of our glory !
Crushed on thy plains, low lies the fame of England.
Contemptible, dishonoring, foul defeat !
'T will not be credited in future story.

The conquerors of Crecy, Poitiers, Agincourt,
Chased from the field of battle by a woman !

BURGUNDY.

Our only source of solace is, that not
By men have we been beat, but by the Devil.

TALBOT.

By our own devilish folly. But what now ?
Can this hobgoblin of the multitude
Appall even princes ? Superstition is
A poor excuse for cowardice ; — your troops
Fled first.

BURGUNDY.

None stood. The flight was universal.

TALBOT.

No, Prince ! 'T was with your wing the flight began.
Headlong you rushed into our camp, exclaiming,
“ Hell is broke loose, the Devil fights for France ! ”
And thus brought down confusion on our ranks.

LIONEL.

'T was your wing yielded first. You can't deny it.

BURGUNDY.

Because it was the first attacked.

TALBOT.

The Maid

Knew well our side of weakness, well knew where
The panic would begin.

BURGUNDY.

Is Burgundy
To be responsible for the misfortune ?

LIONEL.

We Englishmen, — had we but been alone, —
By God ! we should not have abandoned Orleans.

BURGUNDY.

No, — for you never would have looked on Orleans !
Who opened you a way into this kingdom ?
Who, when you landed on its hostile coasts,
Stretched forth the hand of friendship to your aid ?
Who set the crown upon your Henry's head,
And won the hearts of Frenchmen to his cause ?
By God ! but for *this* arm, you ne'er had seen
The smoke of a French chimney !

LIONEL.

Could big words
Have done it, you alone had conquered France.

BURGUNDY.

You are out of humor, because Orleans
Has 'scaped your clutches, and now vent your spleen
Of bitterness on me, your fast ally.
And how has Orleans escaped your clutches, —
How, but through your own selfishness and folly ?
To me she had surrendered long ago ;
You and your jealousy alone prevented it.

TALBOT.

'T was not for you, that we laid siege to Orleans.

BURGUNDY.

How had you stood, had I withdrawn my forces ?

LIONEL.

Not worse, believe me, than at Agincourt,
Where we 'd to deal with you, and with all France.

BURGUNDY.

Yet sore ye stood in need of our alliance,
And dearly did your Regent purchase it.

TALBOT.

Ay, dearly, dearly, before Orleans
This day, have we paid for it, — with our honor.

BURGUNDY.

Proceed not further, or you may repent it.
Did I forsake the banner of my sovereign,
Draw down upon my head the name of traitor,
And all to bear such usage from a stranger ?
Why am I here and fighting against France ?
If 't is my doom to serve but the ungrateful,
I might as well be serving my own King.

TALBOT.

You 're in negotiation with the Dauphin ;
We know it ; yet will we find means to guard
Ourselves against your treachery.

BURGUNDY.

Death and hell!

And is it thus you treat me? — Chatillon,
Prepare my troops for instant march; we will
Return to our own land. [Exit Chatillon.]

LIONEL.

And luck go with you!
Never was Britain's fame more bright than when,
Relying on her own good sword alone,
She fought without abettor or ally.
Let's each fight our own battle by ourselves!
For everlasting stands this truth, that French
And English blood can ne'er run smooth together.

SCENE II.

Enter ISABEAU, attended by a Page.

ISABEAU.

How is this, Generals? What unlucky planet
Hath thus bewildered your sound understandings?
What? now, when union can alone preserve you,
Would ye in hatred part, and, warring with
Each other, thus prepare your own destruction? —
I do beseech you, noble Duke, recall
Your rash command. And you, illustrious Talbot,

Appease your irritated friend ! Come, Lionel,
Aid me in pacifying their proud spirits,
And reëstablishing good-will betwixt them.

LIONEL.

Not I, my Lady ! I am of their opinion.
When men fall out and cannot act in concert,
The sooner that they separate the better.

ISABEAU.

What ? does the juggling art of Hell, that proved
So fatal in the battle, work e'en here,
To entangle and confound our better reason ?
Say, who began the quarrel ? — Noble Talbot,
Could you be so forgetful of his service,
As to affront our excellent ally ?
What would you do without his arm ? He built
Up for your King this throne ; he keeps him there,
And can, at any moment, hurl him from it.
His army, and, yet more, his name, upholds you.
Were this realm but united, not your thousands,
Not universal England, could subdue it.
By France alone can France be overcome.

TALBOT.

We know how to appreciate a true friend,
As to protect ourselves against a false one.

BURGUNDY.

Who faithless would cast off a debt of thanks
Will never want some lying plea to do so.

ISABEAU.

How, noble Duke ? Could ye so far renounce
All shame, all princely honor, as to grasp,
In friendship's hold, the hand that slew your father ?
Would you be mad enough to dream of peace
And reconciliation with the man whom you
Yourself have hurl'd down to the verge of ruin ?
Would you, when on the brink of falling, save him,
And, fool-like, blast the work of your own hand ?
Here stand your friends. Your hope, your only safety,
Rests on a firm alliance with the English.

BURGUNDY.

I never dreamed of treaty with the Dauphin ;
Yet the contempt, the arrogance, of these
Proud English Lords I can endure no longer.

ISABEAU.

Forgive a hasty word. Sore trying is
The care, that weighs upon a General's heart,
And cross of fortune makes us oft unjust.
Come ! come ! Embrace each other ; let me heal
This strife, ere it become incurable.

TALBOT.

What think you, Burgundy ? A noble heart
Will gladly own itself subdued by reason.
The Queen has counselled wisely ; let this hand,
In friendly pressure, heal the unworthy wounds
Which my rash tongue inflicted.

BURGUNDY.

Ay, the Queen
Has counselled well, and my just indignation.
Yields to necessity.

ISABEAU.

Seal your reunion
With a fraternal kiss, and to the winds
Away with all remembrance of the past.
[Burgundy and Talbot embrace.]

LIONEL.

[To himself, while surveying the group.]
Joy to the peace that 's made by such a fury.

ISABEAU.

We 've lost a battle, Generals! Fortune was
Against us ; let not that, however, daunt
Your noble hearts. Despairing of Heaven's aid,
The Dauphin now calls Satan to his side ;
Yet vainly has he sealed his soul's perdition,
And not e'en his own Hell shall rescue him.
A maiden leads the armies of the foe ;
I will lead yours ; I will supply to you
The place both of a prophetess and virgin.

LIONEL.

Madame, go back to Paris! We would conquer
With our good swords, and not with women's tongues.

TALBOT.

Away ! Since you came here, all goes amiss ;
There waits no more a blessing on our arms.

BURGUNDY.

Ay, go ! Your presence can effect no good here ;
Our troops are scandalized at your proceedings.

ISABEAU.

And you, too, Burgundy ? Do you take part
With these ungrateful Lords against me ?

BURGUNDY.

Go !

Our soldiers lose all courage at the thoughts
Of fighting for your cause.

ISABEAU.

I 've scarce made peace
Betwixt you, and ye already league against me ?

TALBOT.

Go ! go in God's name, Madame ! We shall dread
No devil more, when we are once quit of you.

ISABEAU.

Am I not your own true ally ? Is not
Your cause mine own ?

TALBOT.

But your own is not ours.
We are engaged in honorable strife.

BURGUNDY.

I would avenge a father's bloody murder,
And filial duty sanctifies my arms.

TALBOT.

I must speak out. Your conduct to the Dauphin
Is scandalous in sight of God and man.

ISABEAU.

Curse on his race to the tenth generation !
He 's wronged, he has insulted, his own mother.

BURGUNDY.

He but avenged a father and a husband.

ISABEAU.

He sets up for a judge of my behaviour.

TALBOT.

What disrespectful conduct in a son !

ISABEAU.

'T was he that sent me into banishment.

TALBOT.

Ay, in obedience to the public voice.

ISABEAU.

Heaven's curses on my head, if I forgive him !
And, ere he govern in his father's realm, —

TALBOT.

You 'd sacrifice the honor of his mother.

ISABEAU.

Ye know not, poor weak souls,
What an offended mother's heart can do.
I love my friend and hate mine enemy ;
And 'if that enemy be my own son,
Why, it but makes him worthier of my hate.
I 'd take the life from him to whom I gave it,
Since, with foul wrong and impious arrogance,
He outrages the very breast that bore him. —
But ye, who are waging war against my son,
Ye 've neither right nor reason to despoil him.
What has the Dauphin ever done against you ?
What duty has he violated to you ?
Ambition, vulgar envy, drives you on !
I have a right to hate him, for I bore him.

TALBOT.

Well, now he 'll know his mother by her vengeance !

ISABEAU.

Poor, wretched hypocrites ! how I despise you ;
Deceivers of yourselves as of the world !
You Englishers stretch forth your robber-hands
Into this kingdom, where ye have not right
To one poor foot of earth. — And this Duke, who
Forsooth rejoices in the name of " Good,"
Has sold his country, sold the kingdom of
His fathers, to that kingdom's deadliest foe ;

And yet your every other word is "Justice"! —
 I scorn hypocrisy. Whate'er I am,
 Such shall the world behold me.

BURGUNDY.

Thanks to your
 Stout soul, you 've well maintained your character.

ISABEAU.

I have warm blood, have passions, like another,
 And came not here, to be in empty form
 And name, but in reality, a Queen.
 Was I bound to abjure all earthly pleasure,
 Because the curse of destiny had linked
 My burning youth to a dull, crazed husband?
 Dearer than life, I love my liberty,
 And he, who wounds me there, —
 But why dispute with you about my rights?
 There swells no generous blood in your dull veins;
 The only joys you know are rage and slaughter!
 And this vain Duke, who his life-long has spent
 In fluctuating betwixt good and evil,
 He has not heart enough to hate or love. —
 I go to Melun. Let me have this youth

[pointing to Lionel]

(He suits my fancy) for society
 And pastime; and then do whate'er ye list!
 Of Burgundy or England I ask nothing.

[Motions to her Page, and is about to go.]

LIONEL.

Rely on it, the handsomest young Frenchmen,
 Whom we make prisoners, shall be sent to Melun.

ISABEAU.

You are fit for nought but fighting; Frenchmen, only,
Know how to speak with gallantry and grace.

[Exit.]

SCENE III.

TALBOT, BURGUNDY, and LIONEL.

TALBOT.

Heavens, what a woman!

LIONEL.

Now for your intentions.

Are we still to continue our retreat,
Or, turning back, at once by some bold stroke
To wipe off the disgrace of this sad day?

BURGUNDY.

We are too weak; our troops are still dispersed;
The panic's yet too recent in our host, —

TALBOT.

A blind alarm alone has conquered us,
The hurrying impression of a moment. —
This phantom of a weak imagination,
On nearer view, will vanish into nothing.
This, therefore, is my counsel, — that we cross
The stream at day-break, and lead back our troops
Against the foe.

BURGUNDY.

Consider well ——

LIONEL.

'With your

Permission, — here is nothing to consider.

We must at once win back what has been lost,
Or be disgraced for ever.

TALBOT.

'T is resolved.

At dawn we march against this fearful phantom,
That has so blinded and unmanned our host. ,
Let us but once engage the young she-devil,
Let her but come in reach of our good swords,
And she has baffled us for the last time.
If she come not, why then 't is clear, that she
Shuns fighting in true earnest ; either way,
Her spell is gone, the army disenchanted.

LIONEL.

Now leave to *me* the fun of this sham-fight. ,
My purpose is to catch the ghost alive,
To bear her off, — before the very eyes of
Her paramour, the Bastard, — to our camp,
As a plaything for the soldiers.

BURGUNDY.

Promise not

Too much.

TALBOT.

If once *I* catch her, she may chance
To fare not quite so daintily. But come,
Now to refresh ourselves with a light slumber,
And then, with morning's dawn, for the attack !

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

JOHANNA with her banner, helmet, and breastplate, but else in female attire. DUNOIS, LA HIRE, KNIGHTS, and SOLDIERS, advancing along a rocky path above, and thence descending towards the stage.

JOHANNA.

[To the Knights around her ; the march above still continuing.]

The wall's surmounted, we are in the camp.
Now cast away the veil of silent night,
Which has concealed your march, and, with loud cheers,
Loud battle-cries, to the astounded foe
Announce the terrors of your presence. Shout,
" God and the Virgin ! "

ALL.

[Shouting aloud, amidst loud clashing of arms.]

God and the Virgin !

[Drums and trumpets.]

SENTRIES [behind the scenes].

The foe ! the foe ! the foe !

JOHANNA.

Quick ! torches here !

Now fire their tents ! The fury of the flames
Will add to the confusion in the camp,
Whilst death stands threatener on their steps without.

[The Soldiers hasten off; she follows.]

DUNOIS [endeavouring to hold her back].

Stay, stay, Johanna ! Thou hast done thy part,
Hast led us to the middle of the camp,
Hast given the enemy into our hands.
Withdraw thee from the field, and to our swords
Commit the bloody issue of the fray.

LA HIRE.

Show thou the way of victory to our troops,
And wave, in those pure hands, thy banner o'er us,
But, oh ! wield not thyself the deadly sword ;
Tempt not the lying god of battles, who,
In his blind fury, spares not friend or foe.

JOHANNA.

Who speaks to me of halt ? Who dares prescribe
To the free spirit that guides me on my duty ?
The shaft flies where the shooter's hand directs it.
Where'er 's the danger, must Johanna be.
Not now, not here, have I been doomed to fall ;
I first must see the crown on my King's head.
No enemy can rob me of my life,
'Till I 've fulfilled the task which God assigns it.

[Exit.]

LA HIRE.

Come, Dunois ; let us follow the brave heroine,
And make for her a shield with our stout breasts.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE V.

ENGLISH SOLDIERS flying across the stage. After them TALBOT.

FIRST SOLDIER.

The Maid ! She is in the middle of the camp !

SECOND SOLDIER.

Not possible ! No ! How could she have got there ?

THIRD SOLDIER.

Why, through the air ! The Devil must have brought her.

FOURTH AND FIFTH SOLDIERS.

Fly ! fly ! or else we are, all of us, dead men !

[Exeunt.]

TALBOT [coming forward].

They hear not ; vain are all attempts to stay them !
The reins of discipline are loosed, are broken.
Had hell spit forth its devils all upon them,
There could not reign worse terror in the camp ;
Coward and brave are bit with common madness.
In vain I strive to rally a small band
Against the flood of foes, which, billowing, rising,
Wave after wave, pours down into the camp ! —

Am I the only sober one, and are
All else around me either mad or dreaming ?
To fly before these poor effeminate Frenchmen,
Whom we 've defeated in an hundred battles ! —
Who is she, then, this mighty, this invincible,
This terror-breathing goddess, who at once
Changes the fate of battles and converts
A timorous herd of cheverils into lions ?
And shall a juggleress, a drilled, stage-taught heroine,
Thus daunt the souls of heroes ? Shall a woman
Wrest all the wreaths of triumph from my brow ?

SOLDIER [rushing in].

The Maid ! the Maid ! Fly, General, fly !

TALBOT [striking him down].

Fly thou
Thyself to hell ! This sword shall pierce him through,
Who speaks to me of fear or dastard flight.

[Exit.]

SCENE VI.

The prospect opens. The English camp in flames. Drums, flight, and pursuit. After a while, enter MONTGOMERY.

MONTGOMERY.

Where shall I fly ? Foes, foes and death, around me !
Here our stern General, who, with threatening sword,
Debars all flight, and drives us to the slaughter ;
There the Terrific, who, with rage of fire,

Deals death around her. And not e'en a bush,
Not e'en a nook or hollow, to conceal me !
O, would I 'd never, never crossed the sea,
Fool that I was ! A vain illusion seized me
To seek cheap fame in France, and fate now guides me
Into this bloody whirl of fire and slaughter.
Would I were far from hence, were still at home
In mine ancestral hall, on the green banks
Of Severn, where I left an anxious mother,
And my sweet, tender bride !

[Johanna appears in the distance.]

Woe 's me ! What see I ? 'T is the dreadful one !
Like a night-spectre, from the jaws of hell,
In lurid flame, she rises on my sight. —
Where shall I fly ? Already with her eyes
Of fire she seizes me, throws from afar
The unerring meshes of her glance around me.
About my feet, fast and yet faster, twines
The magic coil, that, fettered, they debar me
All power of flight ! Despite my heart's resistance,
Still must I gaze upon that deadly form !

[Johanna advances a few steps, and then stops again.]

She approaches ! I 'll not stand here, awaiting
The onset of her fury ! Suppliant
Will I embrace her knees, will I implore her
For my young life ; she is a woman, and
May yet, perhaps, be softened by my tears.

[While he is approaching, she rushes furiously at him].

SCENE VII.

JOHANNA and MONTGOMERY.

JOHANNA.

Thy doom is sealed ! A British mother bore thee.

MONTGOMERY [falling at her feet].

Hold, fearful one ! Slay not the unresisting.
Both sword and shield I 've cast away, and sink
Defenceless, a poor suppliant, at thy feet.
Leave me the light of life ; receive a ransom.
Rich in domains, my father dwells at home
In the fair land of Wales, where, through green meadows,
Meand'ring Severn rolls her silver stream,
And fifty hamlets own him for their lord.
With richest gold will he redeem his son,
Soon as he hears I 'm prisoner in your camp.

JOHANNA.

Deluded fool ! lost man ! Thou 'st fallen into
The Maiden's, the destroyer's, hand, from which
Indulge not hope of rescue or redemption.
Had thine ill star consigned thee to the fangs
Of some fierce crocodile or spotted tiger ;
Had thy rash hand bereaved the lion-mother
Of her young brood, haply thou might'st find pity ;
But 's death to him who comes athwart the Maiden.
For to the spirit-realm, to the stern, the inviolable,
I am bound by dreadest, strictest oath, to slay

All with the sword, to spare none living, whom
The fate supreme of battles sends against me.

MONTGOMERY.

Dire are thy words, and yet thy look is gentle.
Thou art not terrible on nearer view ;
My heart 's attracted to thy lovely form.
O, by the mildness of thy tender sex,
I implore thee ; have compassion on my youth.

JOHANNA.

Adjure thou not my sex ! Call me not woman !
Like incorporeal spirits, which wed not
In earthly wise, I am of no human sex ;
There beats no human heart beneath this breastplate.

MONTGOMERY.

O, by love's sovereign, sacred law, to which
All hearts yield homage, I adjure thee ! I
Have left at home a gentle bride, fair, like
Thyself, and blooming in the charm of youth.
Weeping, she waits her lover's slow return.
O, as thou ever hop'st thyself to love,
And, bless'd and blessing, meet that love's return,
O, sever not thus cruelly two hearts,
Whom holiest bond of love hath knit in one.

JOHANNA.

Thou callest on strange gods, on gods by me
Unhallowed and rejected. Of love's ties,
By which thou wouldst adjure me, I know nothing,

And never will I know his idle yoke.
Defend thy life ; death calls thee.

MONTGOMERY.

O, fake pity
On my sad parents, whom I 've left at home.
Yes, thou too hast left parents, who now pine
For *thy* return.

JOHANNA.

Wretch ! thou thereby remindest me,
How many mothers of this land are childless,
How many tender children, fatherless,
How many betrothed brides left widows, all
Through you ! Even English mothers now may learn
The heart's despair, may feel the anguished tears
Which Gaul's sad dames have wept for those they loved.

MONTGOMERY.

'T is hard, thus in a foreign land, to die
Unwept.

JOHANNA.

Who called you to a foreign land ?
Who called you to lay waste our blooming fields,
From hearth and home to chase us, with war's firebrand
To assail our cities' peaceful sanctuary ?
Ye dreamed, in your vain insolence of heart,
To bow down free-born Frenchmen to the yoke,
And this imperial realm, like some poor bark,
To fasten to the galley of your pride !
Ye fools ! The royal arms of France are hung

On God's eternal throne, and from heaven's wain
As soon might ye wrest out a star, as rend
A single hamlet from her realm, — her realm,
The one and indivisible for ever ! —
The day of vengeance has arrived, nor shall
Ye, living, measure back the sacred sea,
Which God, as boundary, hath set betwixt us,
And which you have so impiously o'erpassed.

MONTGOMERY [dropping her hand].

O, I must die ! Stern death already grasps me.

JOHANNA.

Die, friend ! But wherefore tremble so at death,
The inevitable doom ? — Look ! look on ME !
I am but a poor maid, a shepherdess
By birth ; this hand, to steel unused, as yet
Has only borne the innocent shepherd's crook.
But, torn away far from my native plain,
Far from my sire's, my sister's, dear embrace,
Here must I — yes, God's voice, not mine own will,
Impels me, for your bitter sorrow, not
For pleasure to myself — must I go on,
A frightful spectre, dealing death around,
And doomed myself, at last, to be his victim !
For never more shall I behold the day
Of glad return, or meet the smiles of home.
Yet many an English head shall I lay low,
Yet many a widow make, ere I at length
Myself must fall, and fulfil mine own destiny, —
Fulfil thou also thine ! Quick, grasp thy sword,
And, — life or death, — be *that* the stake we fight for.

MONTGOMERY [standing up.]

Now, if thou 'rt mortal, like myself, and sword
May pierce thee, why not mine the sword decreed
'To do it, and, by sending thee to hell,
To end my country's troubles? In God's hands
I place my fate. Accursed! now call up
Thy hellish spirits to assist thee! Guard
Thy life!

[He seizes his sword and shield, and rushes on her; warlike music
resounds in the distance; after a short fight Montgomery falls.]

SCENE VIII.

JOHANNA [alone].

Thou cam'st in search of death, — and thou hast found it!

[She moves away from the corpse and stands in deep thought.]

Exalted Virgin, thou work'st wonders in me,
With matchless strength nerv'st mine unwarlike arm,
With unrelenting spirit steel'st my heart.
My soul dissolved in pity, my hand trembled,
(As though some holy temple it were violating,)
To break in on the bloom of his young life.
I shuddered even to unsheathe my sword;
Yet, instant as 't was wanted, out it flew,
And, never erring in my trembling hand,
As 't were a living spirit, ruled itself.

SCENE IX.

JOHANNA, and a KNIGHT, with his visor closed.

KNIGHT.

Accurst, thine hour is come ! Thee have I sought
Throughout the field of battle. Damned cheat !
Back to the hell from which thou hast ascended.

JOHANNA.

And who art thou, whom his own evil angel
Has sent against me ? Princely is thy bearing ;
Yet to mine eyes thou art no Briton, for
Thy cognizance is that of Burgundy,
Before which stoops my sword.

KNIGHT.

Vile reprobate,
To perish by a prince's hand were doom
Too good for thee. The axe of the executioner
Should from its body sever thy damned head, —
Not the brave sword of royal Burgundy.

JOHANNA.

Thou art the noble Duke himself ?

KNIGHT [unclosing his visor].

I am
The Duke. Wretch, tremble and despair !
Thy Satan-arts no longer shall protect thee.
As yet thou 'st had but to contend with cowards ;
A man now stands before thee.

SCENE X.

To them DUNOIS and LA HIRE.

DUNOIS.

Turn thee, Burgundy !
Contend with men, and not with girls.

LA HIRE.

We will
Defend the Prophetess's holy head ;
First must thy dagger pierce this breast —

BURGUNDY.

Think not,
I fear this amorous Circe ; no, nor you
Whom she has thus disgracefully transformed.
Blush, Bastard, blush ! And shame on thee, La Hire,
That thou shouldst thus degrade thine ancient valor
To arts of hell, shouldst stoop to be the squire
Of this own Devil's hireling. On, I say !
Who flies to Satan, must despair of God:
[They prepare for battle ; Johanna steps between them.]

JOHANNA.

Hold !

BURGUNDY.

Dost thou tremble for thy paramour ?
Before thine eyes shall he ——— [pressing on Dunois]

JOHANNA.

Hold ! Separate them,

La Hire. — No blood of France shall flow !

Not by the sword this strife must be decided.

The stars ordain it otherwise. I say,

Part instantly ; and hear and reverence

The Spirit, which inspires, which speaks from in me.

DUNOIS.

Why wouldst thou thus arrest my lifted arm ?

Why balk the bloody judgment of my sword ?

The steel is drawn ; let but the stroke descend,

And France shall be avenged and reconciled.

JOHANNA.

[Placing herself betwixt them, and first addressing Dunois.]

Stand thou aside !

[To La Hire.]

La Hire, approach no nearer.

I have matters to confer on with the Duke. —

[A dead silence.]

What wouldst thou, Burgundy ? Who is the foe,

Thy murder-lusting eyes are seeking out ?

This prince, he is a son of France, as thou art ;

And this brave knight, thy friend and countryman ;

I am a daughter, too, of thine own fatherland ;

We all, whom thou now laborest to destroy,

We all belong to thee and thine. Our arms

Are opened to receive thee, and our knees

Prepared to do thee reverence. Our swords

Are pointless against thee. Even though arrayed

In hostile helm, we venerate the face

That bears the features of our own dear King.

BURGUNDY.

With flattering tones and honeyed words thou think'st
To entrap thy victim, Syren. I am not thus
To be cajoled. Proof is mine ear against
Thy serpent-tongue ; the fire-shafts of thine eye
Glide harmless o'er this bosom's tempered mail.
To arms, Dunois !
With blows, not words, let us decide the strife.

DUNOIS.

First words, then blows. What ! tremble before words ?
That 's cowardice, or proof of a bad cause.

JOHANNA.

Think not, imperious necessity
Compels us to thy feet ; not as weak suppliants
Do we appear before thee. Look around !
In ashes lies the English camp ; your dead
Cover our fields. Thou hearest the war-trump
Of France ; God has himself decided for us ;
Ours is the victory, and with our friends
We would divide the laurels we have won.
Then over to us, noble Wanderer ! Here
Stands justice, here stands victory. I myself,
God's envoy, stretch to thee a sister's hand.
In drawing thee to our pure side, I but
Consult thine own true weal. — Heaven is for France.
Its angels, (thou behold'st them not,) its angels,
With lilies all-begemmed, are fighting for
The King. Bright, as this standard, is our cause,
And the pure Virgin-Queen is its chaste emblem.

BURGUNDY.

False tongues are full of sophistry and art ;
But hers is simple as a child's. And if
Some evil spirit lends her words, he knows,
At least, to make them sound like those of truth.
But I will hear no more. To arms ! to arms !
Mine ear, I feel, is weaker than my hand.

JOHANNA.

Thou call'st me sorceress, imputest to me
The arts and guilt of hell. To soften hate,
To establish peace, is *that* the work of hell ?
Does concord spring from the eternal pit ?
What is humane, and innocent, and holy,
If not, to fight for one's own fatherland ?
How long has nature with herself been so
At strife, that Heaven abandons the just cause,
And devils defend it ? But, if what I say
Be right, where else, but from above, could I
Derive it ? Who, amidst our upland sheepwalks,
Were my companions ? Who initiated
The simple herdsmaid in affairs of state ?
I 've never stood in presence of high princes ;
The arts of speech are foreign to my tongue ;
Yet now that I require it, — that I needs
Would waken thee, — a sudden light is on
My soul ; the fate of sovereigns and of empires
Lies, clear as day, before my childlike vision,
And thunderbolts are wielded on my tongue.

BURGUNDY.

[Contemplating her with astonishment and troubled emotion.]

How 's this? What has befallen me? Is it
A God, that works within my deepest bosom? —
She fables not, — that touching form! — No! no!
If I am dazzled, spell-bound, 't is by spells
Of Heavenly power; she is (mine inmost heart
Assures me of it), she is sent down from God.

JOHANNÁ.

He is touched! He is moved! I have not prayed in vain;
The thunder-cloud of wrath from off his brow
Dissolves in tears of dew; and, beaming peace,
Bright breaks the sun of feeling from his eyes. —
Away with arms — Press heart to heart — He weeps,
He is conquered, he is ours!

[She drops her sword and banner; hastens towards him with open arms, and embraces him with the most lively emotion. La Hire and Dunois also let fall their swords, and hasten to embrace him.]

ACT THE THIRD.

The King's Palace at Chalons, on the Marne.

SCENE I.

DUNOIS and LA HIRE.

DUNOIS.

BROTHERS in arms and hearts, friends have we been ;
For the same cause we drew our swords, and still,
In danger and in death held fast together.
Let not a woman break the bond which thus,
Through all vicissitudes, had stood unshaken.

LA HIRE.

Nay, hear me, Prince !

DUNOIS.

You love the wondrous Maid,
And well I know what your intentions are.
E'en now you go to ask her of the King
In marriage. To your bravery he cannot
Deny the well-earned prize. Yet know, that sooner
Than see her in another's arms —

LA HIRE.

Prince, hear me !

DUNOIS.

'T is not the transitory spell of beauty
Attracts me to her. Never yet had woman
Touched my unconquered soul, till I beheld
This miracle, ordained by Heaven to be
The kingdom's liberatress and my wife.
And, from that hour, I swore she should be mine ;
For but the brave can be the brave man's friend.
This glowing heart longs to repose upon
Some kindred breast, that can appreciate and
Sustain its vigor.

LA HIRE.

Think not, noble Prince,
That I presume to measure my weak services
With the heroic glory of thy name !
Where'er Count Dunois in the lists appears,
Must every other rival quit the field.
Yet never, sure, can a poor shepherdess
Be worthy at thy side to stand as bride.
The royal blood, which circles in thy veins,
Must needs disdain so lowly an alliance.

DUNOIS.

She is the Heaven-born child of holy Nature,
As I am, and in birth mine equal. Breathes there
A prince on earth, whose hand she would not honor ;—
She, the chaste bride of angels, — she, who wears
A halo, brighter than all earthly crowns,
And sees the fame and grandeur of this world
Lie, scarce so gross as bubbles, at her feet ?

Not all the thrones of mightiest kings, upon
Each other piled and built up to the stars,
Can reach the all-glorious height, whereon SHE stands,
In her own angel majesty.

LA HIRE.

The King, —

He must determine it.

DUNOIS.

No ; let herself
Decide it ! She has made France free, and must
Herself be free to act for her own heart.

LA HIRE.

The King approaches !

SCENE II.

Enter CHARLES, AGNES SOREL, DU CHATEL, CHATILLON,
and others.

CHARLES [to Chatillon].

He comes ! Comes, do you say, to do me homage,
To recognize me as his King ?

CHATILLON.

Here, Sire ;

Here, in thy royal city of Chalons,
The Duke, my master, comes to throw himself

In homage at thy feet. He has ordered me
To greet thee as my liege. Fast on my steps
He followed, and must, even now, be near.

AGNES.

He comes? O, blessed day! sweet harbinger
Of joy, and peace, and reconciliation!

CHATILLON. -

The Duke approaches with two hundred knights;
He comes to kneel in homage at thy feet;
Yet entertains a hope, that thou wilt not
Permit it, but receive him as a kinsman.

CHARLES.

My heart burns to be beating against his.

CHATILLON.

He begs, too, that, at this first interview,
No mention of old discords may arise.

CHARLES.

For ever sunk in Lethe be the past!
We 'll only think of joy's bright days to come.

CHATILLON.

All, who have fought for Burgundy, should be
Included in this peace.

CHARLES.

Thus shall I double
The number of my subjects.

CHATILLON.

And Queen Isabeau
Should be comprised therein, if she accepts it.

CHARLES.

She wages war with me, not I with her.
The strife is o'er, the moment that she ends it.

CHATILLON.

Twelve knights shall guarantee thy word.

CHARLES.

My word
Is sacred.

CHATILLON.

And the Archbishop shall divide
A holy wafer between you and him,
In pledge and seal of honest reconciliation.

CHARLES.

So be my portion in eternal life,
As heart and handgave are with me but one. —
What further pledge does yet the Duke desire?

CHATILLON.

[With a glance at Du Chatel.]

I see one here, whose presence, possibly,
Might poison the first pleasures of your meeting.

{Du Chatel withdraws himself in silence.}

CHARLES.

Ay, go ! Withdraw yourself awhile, until
The Duke be able to sustain your presence.

[Charles follows Du Chatel for a while with his eyes, then hastens
after and embraces him.]

Considerate friend ! Much more, indeed, than this
Would you have done for my tranquillity.

CHATILLON.

The other points this instrument recites.

CHARLES [to the Archbishop.]

Arrange the treaty ; we approve it all ;
No price we give is too great for a friend. —
And thou, Dunois ! go forth to meet the Duke,
And take with thee an hundred noble knights ;
The troops must all be garlanded with boughs
Of forest verdure, to receive their brothers.
High festival let the whole city keep,
And every bell from every tower announce,
That France and Burgundy are reunited.

[Trumpets from without.]

Hark ! Hark, that crash of trumpets !

GENTLEMAN OF THE COURT [entering].

Sire, the Duke

Of Burgundy approaches.

[Exit.]

DUNOIS [to Chatillon and La Hire.]

On ! to meet him !

[Exeunt Dunois, Chatillon, and La Hire.]

CHARLES [to Agnes].

Agnes, thou weepest ? And myself I feel
Almost unequal to the scene before me.
How many victims had death made, ere we
Could bring about this reconciliation.
But now the tempest's rage subsides ; fair day
Succeeds to thickest night ; let time allow,
And e'en the slowest fruits will ripen.

ARCHBISHOP [at the window].

The Duke

Can scarcely make his passage through the crowd.
They lift him from his horse ; they kiss his spurs,
His mantle.

CHARLES.

They are a kind, good people ;
As ardent in their love, as in their anger.
How quickly they forget, that 't was this Duke
Who slew their sires and sons ; a single moment
Effaces a whole life ! — Compose thyself,
Mine Agnes ! Even thy too lively joy
Might sting his soul ; there must be nothing here
To shame or grieve him.

SCENE III.

Enter the DUKE OF BURGUNDY, DUNOIS, LA HIRE, CHATILLON, and two other KNIGHTS in the Duke's train. The Duke remains standing at the entrance; the King moves towards him; Burgundy immediately advances, and, at the moment when about to kneel, is received into the King's arms.

CHARLES.

You take us by surprise; we thought to meet you,
But you 've swift steeds.

BURGUNDY.

They bore me to my duty.

[Embracing Agnes, and impressing a kiss on her brow.]

With your permission, cousin. 'T is our realm's
Prerogative, and no fair dame may plead
Exemption from the custom.

CHARLES.

Your court residence,
They say, is love's headquarters, and a staple
For all that 's beauteous.

BURGUNDY.

We are a trading people;
And whatsoever farthest climes produce,
For show or for enjoyment, may be seen
In our rich mart of Bruges. But the ware
Most prized there is the beauty of our women.

AGNES.

Sure, woman's truth is of yet higher price ;
But that 's a ware not to be seen in markets.

CHARLES.

Cousin, you stand in bad repute ; you are said
To be a skeptic as to woman's virtue.

BURGUNDY.

Such heresy brings its own punishment.
Happy my King, whose heart has early taught him,
What my wild life begins too late to know !

[Sees the Archbishop, and holds out his hand to him.]

Most reverend man of God, give me your blessing !
One always meets you in your proper place ;
Who would find you, must take the path of duty.

ARCHBISHOP.

Now let my Master call me when he will ;
This heart is satisfied ; I can depart
In gladness, since mine eyes have seen this day.

BURGUNDY [to Agnes].

They say, you 've stripped yourself of all your jewels
To furnish arms against me. How! Are you
So warlikely disposed? Were you so bent
On my destruction? But the strife is ended,
And every one recovers what was lost.
Even your jewels have returned again ;
You 'd destined them as means of war against me,

Receive them from my hand in pledge of peace.

[He receives the casket from one of his attendants, and delivers it to her open. She looks at the King perplexed.]

CHARLES.

Receive the gift. It is a pledge of peace
And love, and therefore doubly welcome.

BURGUNDY.

[Placing a diamond rose in Agnes' hair.]

Why is it not the royal crown of France?
I would, with equally devoted heart,
Plant and protect it on that lovely brow.

[Taking her hand significantly.]

And,—if hereafter you should need a friend,—
Then count on me!

[Agnes turns aside in tears; even the King has to struggle with his feelings; while the bystanders regard both Princes with emotion.]

BURGUNDY.

[Throwing himself into the King's arms.]

My King! And could I hate,
Could I renounce you?

CHARLES.

No more!

BURGUNDY.

Could I crown
That English stripling? to a stranger swear
Allegiance, and precipitate my own King's ruin?

CHARLES.

Forget it ; all 's forgiven, all effaced,
By this one happy moment. 'T was the work
Of destiny, of an unhappy star.

BURGUNDY [grasping his hand].

I will make reparation ! Yes, believe me !
You shall have compensation for all wrongs ;
You shall receive back your whole kingdom ; not
A hamlet shall be wanting.

CHARLES.

We are united ;
I fear no other foe.

BURGUNDY.

Believe me, 't was
With no light heart, that I bore arms against you.
O, if you knew — Why was not SHE sent to me ?
[Pointing to Agnes].

I could not have withstood her tears. —
Now shall no might of Hell divide us more ;
Now have I found, at last, my own true place ;
Here, on this bosom, shall my wanderings end.

ARCHBISHOP [advancing between them].

You are united, Princes ! France ascends,
A new-born Phœnix, out of her own ashes ;
A bright futurity is smiling on us.
The deep wounds of our country will be healed ;
The villages, the towns, laid desolate,

Shall lift themselves more brilliant from their ruins ;
The fields again be clothed with freshest green ; —
But those who fell, the victims of your strife,
The dead, revive not ; the tears, which your feuds
Have caused to flow, return not to their fount.
The coming race may bloom, but that gone by
Has been the prey of wretchedness and ruin.
The child's success awakes not more the sire.
Such are the fruits of your fraternal discord !
And let it serve you as a lesson ! Dread
The godhead of the sword, ere you unsheathe it.
Power may unslip the fiends of war ; but, once
Let loose, — unlike the tassel, which from air
Stoops down, alighting on the falconer's wrist, —
They heed no more the guiding voice of man.
Not twice, at the right moment, as to-day,
There comes a hand from out the clouds to save you.

BURGUNDY.

O Sire, there dwells an angel at your side.
Where is she ? Why do I not see her here ?

CHARLES.

Where is Johanna ? Wherefore is she absent
In this bright hour of festal happiness,
Which she has given us ?

ARCHBISHOP.

Sire, the holy Maiden
Loves not the slothful pleasures of a court,
But turns ashamed, unless called forth by Heaven,
From the inquiring gaze of vulgar eyes.

If not employed on France's welfare, she,
No doubt, holds sacred conference with God,
Whose blessing follows her, where'er she goes.

SCENE IV.

Enter JOHANNA, all armed, except her head, on which she wears a garland.

CHARLES.

Thou comest, Johanna, decked out, as a priestess,
To consecrate the league, which thou hast founded !

BURGUNDY.

How terrible in battle was the Maiden,
And now what gentle rays peace sheds around her ! —
Have I not kept my word, Johanna ? Art thou not
Content ? Deserve I not thine approbation ?

JOHANNA.

Thou hast thereby best merited thine own ;
The favor thou conferr'st is on thyself.
Now thou beam'st forth in a pure, blessed light ;
Whilst, heretofore, in blood-red meteor-glare,
Thou hung'st, a moon of terror, on the heavens.

[Looking around.]

There are many noble knights assembled here,
And every eye is lighted up with pleasure ;
One only mournful countenance I 've met,
That hides itself, whilst all around rejoice.

BURGUNDY.

And who is conscious of such heavy guilt,
As to stand thus despairing of our grace?

JOHANNA.

Dare he approach? O, say he shall! Set this
Last crowning seal on all thine other mercies.
'T is no conciliation, if it leaves
One aching heart. A single drop of gall,
Left in joy's cup, turns the sweet draught to poison.
No wrong can be so deep, that Burgundy
May not forgive it on a day like this.

BURGUNDY.

What? — Ha, I understand thee!

JOHANNA.

And wilt thou
Forgive him? Wilt thou, Prince? — Come in, Du Chatel!
[She opens the door and leads in Du Chatel, who remains, however,
standing at a distance.]
The Duke is reconciled with all his enemies;
He is even so with thee.

[Du Chatel advances a few paces, endeavouring to read the eyes of
the Duke.]

BURGUNDY.

What wouldst thou do
With me, Johanna? Know'st thou what thou art asking?

JOHANNA.

A liberal and kind master opens wide

His doors to all ; no guest will be excluded.
Free as yon firmament that spans the world,
So should his grace encircle friend and foe.
The sun sends down his rays alike through all
Infinity ; in equal measure, heaven
Pours out its dews on every thirsting plant.
Whate'er there be of good, and from above,
Is universal and without reserve.
'T is darkness only dwells in holes and corners.

BURGUNDY.

O, she can mould me as she will ; my heart
Is soft as wax within her hand. — Du Chatel,
Embrace me ! I forgive you ! —
Spirit of my sire, condemn me not, if now,
In friendly hold, I grasp the hand that slew thee !
Nor ye, death's powers, impute to me the fault,
If thus my promised vengeance I forego.
With you below, in everlasting night,
Where heart no longer beats, *there* all 's eternal,
All stands unalterably fast, — but here
Above, in the bright sunshine, it is otherwise.
Man, living, feeling man, alas ! what is he,
But the light plaything of the mighty moment,
The prey of circumstance !

CHARLES [to Johanna].

What thanks do I not owe thee, lofty Maid !
How gloriously hast thou redeemed thy promise !
How quickly changed the face of my whole destiny !
My friends thou 'st reconciled to me ; my foes
Thou 'st trod in dust ; and from a foreign yoke

Delivered my lost cities. — Thou alone
Hast achieved all. — Say, how shall I requite thee ?

JOHANNA.

Be still the man ; act humbly, act humanely,
In prosperous, as thou hast done in evil, fortune ;
And ne'er, though at the summit of thy greatness,
Forget the value of a friend in need ;
Thou 'st proved it in thy fall. Deny not right
Or mercy to the meanest of thy subjects ;
For it was from the herdsfold, that, to thee,
God sent forth a deliveress. — Thou shalt,
Beneath thy sceptre, reunite all France ;
Shalt be the sire and stem of a high race
Of princes, destined to outshine even those
Who have preceded thee upon the throne.
Thy race shall bloom as long as they preserve
Their people's love. Pride only can undo them ;
And from those hills, whence issues now thy safety,
A cloud may rise, big with mysterious doom
And menaced ruin to thy guilt-stained sons.

BURGUNDY.

Enlightened Maid, whom Heaven's own soul inspires,
If thus thine eyes may dive into the future,
Inform me, also, of my race. Will it
Expand in glory, as it has begun ?

JOHANNA.

High, e'en to the throne's height, great Duke, already
Hast thou set up thy seat ; and higher still,
High as the clouds, would thy proud heart exalt it. —

But know, a hand from Heaven forbids its growth.
Yet apprehend not thence thy house's fall.
Its splendor, in a maiden, shall survive ;
And sceptre-wielding monarchs, shepherds of
Their people, shall, from out her bosom, bloom.
On two great thrones shall they sit lords ; from thence
Give laws to the known world, and to a new one,
Which God now veils behind unsailed-o'er seas.

CHARLES.

Say, — if the Spirit has revealed it to thee, —
Will this alliance, which we now renew,
Unite our late descendants ?

JOHANNA [after a dead silence].

Kings and rulers,
Fear discord ! Wake not from her slumbering den
The dragon Strife ! Once wakened, she is slow
To be appeased ; and progeny she 'll bear,
A race of iron ; flame will kindle flame. —
Desire to know no more ; enjoy the present ;
In silence let me veil the future.

AGNES.

Thou
Hast searched my bosom, holy Maid ; thou know'st
If after empty grandeur it aspire.
Give me, likewise, a gratifying oracle.

JOHANNA.

The Spirit shows me but the fate of kingdoms ;
In thine own bosom rests *thy* destiny.

DUNOIS.

But what, exalted Maid, beloved of Heaven,
What will be thine own destiny? For thee —
All good and holy, as thou art — must bloom
Earth's purest, truest happiness!

JOHANNA.

Happiness

Dwells only with the everlasting Father.

CHARLES.

Be *thine* henceforth my care! Thy name will I
Make glorious throughout France; amongst thy sex
Shalt thou, to latest times, be blessed; and,
Even now, will I accomplish it. Kneel down.

[He draws his sword, and touches her gently with it.]

Rise up ennobled! I, thy sovereign, raise thee
From out the dust of thine obscurity;
Thy sires, too, I ennoble in the grave.
The lilies thou shalt bear on thine escutcheon;
In birth shalt thou be equal with the best
Of France; the royal blood of Valois shall
Alone be nobler! Of my great, the greatest
Shall feel himself exalted by thy hand;
Be it mine to match thee with a noble husband.

DUNOIS [stepping forward].

My heart made choice of her, when she was lowly;
This newborn halo, glittering round her head,
Enhances not her merit or my love.
Here, in the presence of my King, and of

This holy sire, I offer her my hand ;
I ask her — should she deem me not unworthy
Of such proud honor — for my princely spouse.

CHARLES.

Resistless Maid, thou heapest miracle
On miracle ! I now believe, that nothing
To thee 's impossible. Thou hast subdued
That haughty spirit, which, 'till now, derided
The omnipotence of Love.

LA HIRE [advancing].

What most adorns
Johanna, if aright I ken her, is
Her modest heart. Of homage from the greatest,
All worthy as she is, she ne'er would let
Her wishes mount so high. She strives not after
Vain, giddy eminence, — contented with
The true affection of an honest heart,
And the calm lot, which, with this hand, I offer her.

CHARLES.

Thou, too, La Hire ? Two rivals, equal in
Heroic virtue and warlike renown ! —
Wilt thou, who 'st reconciled me with my foes,
Divide my friends ? One only can possess thee,
Though each I deem deserving of the prize.
Speak thou ! Thy heart must here be arbiter.

AGNES.

The noble Maid is taken by surprise ;
I see the modest blush bepaint her cheeks.

She should have time to question her own heart,
To loose the seal from her closed breast, and open
Her friendly soul in confidence with mine.
The moment 's now arrived when, as a sister,
Even I may dare approach the rigorous Maid,
May dare to offer her my true, silent bosom. —
First let us women secretly confer
On this, our womanish affair, and wait
In quiet our decision.

CHARLES [going].

Be it so.

JOHANNA.

No, Sire, not so ! — What dyed my cheeks was not
The embarrassment of maiden shame. O, no !
I 've nothing to inform this noble lady,
Which I need blush for all the world to hear.
The preference of these two noble knights
Confers high honor on me ; but 't was not
In chase of worldly greatness, that I left
My sheep-walks ; 't was not in my hair to twine
The bridal wreath, that I girt on mine armor.
To a far different task have I been summoned,
And only a pure maiden can achieve it.
I am a soldier of the highest God,
And to no living man can I be spouse.

ARCHBISHOP.

To be man's tender mate was woman born, —
And, in obeying nature, she best serves
The purposes of Heaven. When thou shalt have

Fulfilled the high commands of HIM, who called
Thee to the field, thou wilt lay down thine arms,
And to that softer sex return, which thou
Hast thrown aside, and which was not designed
For bloody deeds of battle.

JOHANNA.

Reverend sire,

I know not how the Spirit may direct me,
Yet, when the time arrives, His guiding voice
Will not be silent, and I will obey it ;
But now He calls me to fulfil my task.
My Sovereign's brow is still uncrowned, his head
Still unanointed with the holy oil ;
He is not yet King.

CHARLES.

We are on our march to Rheims.

JOHANNA.

Let us not loiter, for our enemies
Are busy round us, to block up the way ;
But I will lead thee safely through them all.

DUNOIS.

But when thy work shall be accomplished, when
We 've entered Rheims in triumph, wilt thou then
Permit me, holy Maiden —

JOHANNA.

If Heaven wills it,
That from this field of slaughter I return,

My work is ended, and the shepherdess
Has no more business in her Sovereign's palace.

CHARLES.

The Spirit's voice impels thee now, and Love
Is silent in thine Heaven-inspired bosom ;
Believe me, it will not be always mute.
Our weapons will repose, and victory
Come hand in hand with peace ; joy will revisit us,
And softer feelings wake in every heart ; —
In thine, too, shall they wake,
And tears of sweetest longing wilt thou weep,
Such as thine eyes ne'er shed before. That heart,
Now filled with Heaven, will turn, ere long, and own
An earthly love. Thou hast, as their deliveress,
Bless'd thousands, and wilt end by blessing ONE.

JOHANNA.

Dauphin ! and art thou, then, already weary
Of Heaven's protection, that thou wouldst destroy
Its chosen vessel, that thou wouldst degrade
To common dust the Maid whom God hath sent thee ?
O, ye blind hearts ! ye men of little faith !
Heaven pours its rays around you, to your eyes
Unveils its wonders, and yet nought in me
Will ye behold but woman ! Would a woman
Dare gird herself in warlike brass, dare mingle
In onslaught of fierce men ? Woe, woe to me,
If, wielding in my hand the avenging sword
Of God, I bore in this vain heart a love
For earthly man ! Better I 'd ne'er been born !
No more of this, I say, unless you 'd wake

The Spirit's wrath within me ! The eye of man
Desiring me is an abomination,
A horror.

CHARLES.

Cease ! It is in vain to urge her.

JOHANNA.

Let the war-trumpet sound ! This pause of arms
Confounds, o'erwhelms, my soul ; there 's something
starts me
From this dull quietude, and bids me on
With my appointed work ; resistlessly
It calls me to my duty — and my doom.

SCENE V.

Enter a KNIGHT in haste.

CHARLES.

What is it ?

KNIGHT.

The enemy has passed the Marne,
And forms his troops for battle.

JOHANNA [inspired].

Arms ! To arms !

My soul now bursts its fetters. Arm yourselves,
While I move forwards to prepare the host.

[She hastens out.]

CHARLES.

Follow, La Hire. — They will dispute the crown
With us, even to the gates of Rheims.

DUNOIS.

It is not
True courage, that impels them. 'T is but the
Last impotent attack of mad despair.

CHARLES.

You need no spurring, Burgundy. This day
Will compensate for many an evil one.

BURGUNDY.

You shall be satisfied with me.

CHARLES.

Myself,
I will precede you in the path of glory,
And win the crown ; ay, in very sight of
Our coronation city. — Mine own Agnes,
Thy knight bids thee farewell !

AGNES [embracing him].

I do not weep,
I do not tremble, for thee. No ; my faith
On high sustains me. God could ne'er design
To give so many pledges of his grace,
And then to leave us mourning ! — Crowned with victory,—

So my heart whispers, — and within the walls
Of conquered Rheims, shall I embrace my lord.

[The trumpets resound with animated tone, which, while the scene is changing, passes into a wild, tumultuous battle-strain. The orchestra in front is accompanied by trumpets and other warlike instruments behind the scenes.]

SCENE VI.

The scene changes to an open country, bordered with trees. During the music, Soldiers are seen hastily retreating across the background. TALBOT leaning on FASTOLF, and attended by Soldiers. Immediately after them, LIONEL.

TALBOT.

Here set me down beneath these trees, and then
Back to the field ; I want no help to die.

FASTOLF.

O, hapless, woful day ! — What a sad sight
You come to witness, Lionel ! Here lies
Our noble General, wounded e'en to death.

LIONEL.

No ; God forbid ! Rise, noble Lord, arise !
Now 's not the moment to succumb ; yield not
To death. Lay the commands of your strong will
On nature, that she live.

TALBOT.

In vain ! The day

Of destiny is come, which must lay prostrate
Our throne in France. Amid the desperate strife
In vain I've dared mine utmost to avert it.
Crushed by the bolt I lie here, never more
To rise. — Rheims has surrendered ; hasten, then,
To rescue Paris.

LIONEL.

Paris is the Dauphin's ;
A courier has just brought us the intelligence.

TALBOT [tearing off his bandages].

Then out, flow out, ye life-streams ! I am sick
Of this sun's light.

LIONEL.

I cannot stay. Fastolf,
Convey our General to a place of safety ;
We can no longer hold this post. Already
Our troops are giving way on every side ;
Resistlessly the Maiden presses forward —

TALBOT.

Madness, thou conquerest, and I must yield !
The gods themselves would war in vain with such
Infatuation. O, exalted Reason,
Bright daughter of the godhead, arbitress
Of the stars' course, wise foundress of the universe,
Who art thou, then, if, bound to the wild horse-tail
Of superstition, impotently calling,
Eyes open, with the drunkard thou must plunge
Down headlong to the abyas ? Accursed he

Who sets his life on aught that 's great and worthy,
And, with considerate soul, wise projects forms !
The fool-king sways the world ——

LIONEL.

My Lord, you have
But a few moments more to live ; then think
On your Creator !

TALBOT.

Were we, as brave men,
By brave men conquered, we perchance had found
Our consolation in the common lot,
Which, ever-changing, turns its fated round ; —
But to be dupes of such barefaced imposture !
Did, then, our earnest and laborious life
Merit no graver issue ?

LIONEL.

Noble Lord,
Farewell ! The debt of heart-wrung, bitter tears
I 'll duly pay thee when the fight is o'er, —
Should I outlive it. But fate calls me to
The battle-field, where, wavering yet, she sits
High arbitress, and shakes her doubtful urn.
'Till in another world we meet, — farewell !
Brief parting for a friendship long as ours.

[Exit.]

TALBOT.

Soon is it over, and to earth and to
The everlasting sun, I render back
The atoms, which, for pain or pleasure, worked

Within me ; — and of mighty Talbot, whose
Renown once filled the world, there remains but
A handful of light dust. — So passes man ;
And the sole profit, which we carry from
This fight of life, is knowledge of its nothingness,
And heartfelt scorn for all that seemed to us
Exalted or desirable.

SCENE VII.

Enter CHARLES, BURGUNDY, DUNOIS, DU CHATEL, and Soldiers.

BURGUNDY.

The trench is stormed.

DUNOIS.

The day is ours.

CHARLES [seeing Talbot.]

But look !

See, who is this, that of the light of day
Is taking his reluctant, sad farewell ?
His armor shows no common man. Assist,
If yet assistance may avail, him.

[Soldiers of the King's train go up to him.]

FASTOLF.

Back !

Stand off ! Have reverence for the dead, whom living
You never ventured to approach so nearly !

BURGUNDY.

What see I? Talbot weltering in his blood?

[Burgundy approaches; Talbot gazes fixedly at him, and dies.]

FASTOLF.

Off, Burgundy! Nor with thy traitor-presence
Contaminate the last looks of a hero.

DUNOIS.

Dread Talbot! Dread, unconquerable Talbot!
Thou canst content thee with this narrow space,
And the fair realm of France would not suffice
The aspirations of thy giant spirit. —
Now, Sire, for the first time I hail you King;
The crown was trembling on your head, as long
As in that body dwelt a soul.

CHARLES.

[After having contemplated the dead body in silence.]

A higher power has conquered him, not ours!
Here, on the earth of France, he rests, as does
A hero on the shield he would not leave.

Bring him away.

[Soldiers remove the dead body.]

And peace be with his dust!

To him an honorable tomb shall rise.
Here, in mid France, where he his hero's course
Hath ended, let his bones repose! So far,
As his, no hostile sword has ever reached;
His epitaph shall be the spot he rests on.

FASTOLF [surrendering his sword].

Sir, I am your prisoner.

CHARLES [restoring him his sword].

Not so ! E'en rude war
Knows how to honor just discharge of duty.
Now haste, Du Chatel, haste ! Mine Agnes trembles, —
Relieve her doubts, her anguish, for our fate.
Say, that we live, have conquered, and conduct her
To Rheims in triumph. [Exit Du Chatel.]

SCENE VIII.

Enter LA HIRE.

DUNOIS.

La Hire, where is the Maiden ?

LA HIRE.

How ? That is what I wished to ask of you.
I left her fighting at your side.

DUNOIS.

I thought her
Protected by your arm, and hastened to
The King's assistance.

BURGUNDY.

I beheld but now
Her banner waving in the thick of battle.

DUNOIS.

Where is she now ? A sad presentiment
O'ercomes me ! Let us haste to her deliverance.
I fear, her daring soul has hurried her
Too far. Begirt with foes she fights alone,
And sinks, unhelped, beneath the bloody throng.

CHARLES.

Quick ! To the rescue !

LA HIRE.

Follow !

BURGUNDY.

One and all !

SCENE IX.

Another part of the battle-field. The tower of Rheims in the distance, illuminated by the sun. A KNIGHT, in black armor, with his visor closed; JOHANNA follows him to the farther part of the stage, where he stands still and awaits her.

JOHANNA.

Deceiver ! Now I know thine arts ! Thou hast
By feignèd flight, allured me from the field,
Warding off death from many a British head ;
But now 't is o'er thine own.

BLACK KNIGHT.

Why, with such fury,
Dost thou pursue my steps? 'T is not my doom
To perish by thy hand.

JOHANNA.

Deep in my soul
I hate thee, hate thee as the night, whose hue
Thou wearest. With invincible desire
I burn to sweep thee from the face of day.
Who art thou? Raise thy visor. — Had I not
Myself beheld the warlike Talbot fall
In battle, I should say, that thou wert Talbot.

BLACK KNIGHT.

Is the prophetic Spirit dumb within thee?

JOHANNA.

Loud in mine inmost bosom it proclaims,
Misfortune stands beside me.

BLACK KNIGHT.

Joan of Arc!

Even to the gates of Rheims hast thou been borne
On wings of victory. Let the fame thou 'st won
Suffice thee. Press not fortune farther, who
Has served thee as a slave. Dismiss her freely,
Nor wait till she, in anger, frees herself.
She hates fidelity, and to the end
Serves no one.

JOHANNA.

What! In the midst of my career,
Wouldst thou have me stand still, and quit my work?
I will pursue it, and fulfil my vow.

BLACK KNIGHT.

Nought can withstand thy might; in every field
Thou art victorious. — But go no more
To battle. Hear my warning.

JOHANNA.

I sheathe not
This sword, till low in dust lies England's pride.

BLACK KNIGHT.

Look! Yonder rise the towers of Rheims, the goal
And end of thy career. Bright in the sun
Thou seest the dome of its cathedral; there
In triumph wouldst thou enter, crown thy King,
Fulfil thy vow. — Go *not* there! Hear my warning!

JOHANNA.

Who art thou, double-tongued, deceitful being,
That wouldst thus frighten and perplex me? — What!
Comest thou with lying oracles to me?

[The Black Knight is about to go; but Johanna steps in his way.]

Nay, answer me; or by this hand thou diest.

[She aims a stroke at him.]

BLACK KNIGHT.

[Touches her with his hand; she remains motionless.]

Slay what is mortal!

[Darkness, thunder, and lightning. The Knight vanishes.]

JOHANNA.

[Amazed, but soon recovering herself.]

It was nothing earthly.
'T was some dark form of hell, some rebel spirit,
Ascended from the everlasting pit,
To shake the dauntless purpose of my breast. —
Armed with God's sword, of what am I afraid?
Victoriously will I pursue my course.
Come Hell itself into the lists against me,
This soul shall never waver or despair.

[Is going.]

SCENE X.

Enter LIONEL.

LIONEL.

Accursed, arm thee for the fight. Alive,
We both quit not this place. Thou hast destroyed
The bravest of my host; the noble Talbot
Has breathed out his great soul upon my breast. —
I will avenge my friend, or share his fate.
And wouldst thou know, who 't is that brings thee glory,—
Die he or conquer, — I am Lionel,
The last surviving, but unconquered, chief
Of England's host.

[He presses on her; after a short fight, she strikes the sword from his hand.]

O, faithless fortune !

JOHANNA.

[She seizes him by the plume from behind, and tears away the helmet, so as to expose his face, at the same time raising her sword to strike him.]

Meet

The doom thou 'st sought ! The Virgin offers thee
Through me !

[At this moment she looks in his face ; is touched by his look ; stands motionless, and slowly drops her arm.]

LIONEL.

Why dost thou linger ? Why delay the blow ?
My honor thou hast taken, take my life ;
'T is in thy hands, I ask no mercy.

[She motions him with her hand to withdraw.]

What !

Fly ? Owe my life to *thee* ? — No, sooner die !

JOHANNA [with averted face].

I will know nothing of it, will forget
Thy life was in my power.

LIONEL.

I hate thee and

Thy gift. I ask no mercy. Slay thy foe,
Who abhors thee, who would slay thee !

JOHANNA.

Slay me, — and fly !

LIONEL.

Ha ! What means this ?

JOHANNA [hiding her face].

Woe 's me !

LIONEL [drawing nearer].

Thou slay'st, they say, all Englishmen, whom thou
Overcom'st in battle. — Why spare only me ?

JOHANNA.

[Raises her sword suddenly against him, but, beholding his face, as
suddenly drops it.]

O, Holy Virgin !

LIONEL.

Why namest thou the Holy ?
She knows thee *not* ; Heaven has no part in thee.

JOHANNA [in agony].

What have I done ? Woe 's me ! I have broke my vow.
[Wringing her hand in despair.]

LIONEL [with looks of sympathy].

Unhappy girl, thou movest my heart. To me
Alone hast thou shown generosity.
My hate subsides ; I feel an interest in thee. —
Whence comest thou ? Who art thou ?

JOHANNA.

Hence ! Away !

LIONEL.

Thy youth, thy beauty, touches me ; thy look
Goes to my heart. Full gladly would I save thee, —

But how? Come, come! Renounce this frightful league,
And cast away those arms!

JOHANNA.

Alas, I am

Unworthy of them!

LIONEL.

Cast them from thee,—quick!

And follow me!

JOHANNA [shuddering].

Thee? follow thee?

LIONEL.

Thou may'st

Be saved. So follow me without delay.

A deep, a painful interest for thy fate

Possesses me; an inexpressible

Desire to save thee ——

JOHANNA.

Dunois comes! 'T is they,

They are looking for me; see, they are approaching! —

If they should find thee ——

LIONEL.

Fear not. I 'll protect thee.

JOHANNA.

I perish, if thou fallest by their hands.

LIONEL.

Am I dear to thee ?

JOHANNA.

Holy One of Heaven !

LIONEL.

Shall I again behold thee ? hear of thee ?

JOHANNA.

Never ! No ; never !

LIONEL.

Be this sword my pledge,
That I again shall see thee ! [Snatching her sword.]

JOHANNA.

Madman, darest thou ?

LIONEL.

I yield to force now ; but again I 'll see thee !

[Exit.]

SCENE XI.

Enter DUNOIS and LA HIRE.

LA HIRE.

She lives ! 'T is she !

DUNOIS.

Johanna, have no fears.
Stout friends are at thy side.

LA HIRE.

Is that not Lionel,
Flying yonder?

DUNOIS.

Let him fly! — Once more, Johanna,
The righteous cause prevails. Rheims opens her gates;
And all pour forth with shouts to meet their King.

LA HIRE.

What ails the Maiden? She grows pale, — she sinks!
[Johanna grows pale, and is ready to fall.]

DUNOIS.

She is wounded, — quick, off with her mail! The wound
Is slight, — 't is on her arm.

LA HIRE.

Her blood is flowing.

JOHANNA.

Let it flow on, and, with it, flow my life!
[Falls senseless into La Hire's arms.]

ACT THE FOURTH.

*A Hall decked out as for a festival ; the pillars hung round
with garlands ; behind the scene flutes and hautboys.*

SCENE I.

JOHANNA.

THE sword is sheathed, the storm of war reposes,
For bloody battle song and dance resound ;
One general face of joy the town discloses ;
Church, altars, shine, in festal splendor crown'd ;
Green arcs, embowering, rise, and, twined with roses,
The trophied columns bloom ; whilst Rheims around
Scarce holds the thousands, that, in ceaseless flow,
Wave after wave, sweep on, to swell the glittering show.

One universal sense of hope and gladness,
One boundless rapture, thrills through every frame ;
Souls, severed through long years of hostile madness,
Are mingling now in social laugh and game ;
France has thrown off her yoke of shame and sadness,
And every Frenchman, worthy of the name,
Joys in his glorious birthland, joys to see
Its royal race restored, its King and people free.

Yet I—I, who have done all this — am mourning,
The general joy but aggravates my woe ;
Far from these pomps, from these proud pageants, turning
T'wards England's camp, my thoughts distracted flow ;
This heart, with an unhallowed passion burning,
Is fixed upon its country's deadly foe ;
And from this joyous circle must I fly,
To veil my guilt, my shame, from every human eye.

Who? I? I feel an earthly love?
This heart, illumined from above,
With man's vain image glow?
I, saviour of my native land,
The champion, armed with God's own brand,
Burn for my country's foe?
Pure sun, can I behold thy flame,
And not expire for very shame?

[The music behind the scenes passes into a soft, melting melody.]

Those strains! Woe, woe! They are falling,
Like enchantment, on mine ear!
Every note his voice recalling,
Conjuring up his image here! —

Were I in the storm of battle,
Could I hear their lances rattle,
Foremost, charging o'er the plain,
I should be myself again.

Woe to me! These tones, these voices,
How they twine around my soul!
Every power within my bosom

Melts beneath their soft control,
And in tears dissolves away ——

[Pauses, and then proceeds in a more animated tone.]

Should I have slain him? Could I, when these eyes
Had once met his? Slay him! No; sooner could I
In mine own breast have plunged the murderous steel.
And am I guilty, because I was human?
Can pity be a crime? — Pity! Heard'st thou
The voice of pity and humanity,
When others came in contact of thy sword?
Why was she silent, when the Cambrian,
That tender youth, implored thee for his life? —
Deceitful heart! Thou liest before Heaven;
'T was not the voice of pity spoke within thee.

Why did I gaze upon that manly form?
Why view the features of his noble face?
Wretch! With thy seeing came thy crime, thy ruin!
God willeth a blind instrument, and thou
Must follow blindfold, where His will directs!
No sooner didst thou see, than God forsook thee,
And hell's dark snares gat hold upon thy soul.

[The flutes repeat their former strain; she sinks into a still melancholy.]

Gentle crook! O, had I never
Changed thee for the murderous sword!
Had I not, with fond endeavour,
Hallowed oak, thy shades explored!
Why, O why, didst thou thy beauty,
Queen of Heaven, to me display?
Vain to me the voice of duty, —
Take, O take, thy crown away!

Ah, I saw the heavens unfolding,
And the saints in burning row ;
Yet do I, their bliss beholding,
Build my hope on things below !
Holy Power ! And was I fated
Such dire destiny to prove ?
Could a heart, by Heaven created
Soft and kind, be dead to love ?

Wouldst thou manifest thy might,
Send from out thy realms of light,
Where the pure and perfect rest,
Send thy spirits of the blest,
Souls, that know not guilty fears,
Earth's wild passions, earth's vain tears !
But on a weak shepherdess
Why impose a yoke like this ?

What to me were war and slaughter,
Pride of kings, and rage of men ?
Guileless, the poor shepherd's daughter
Drove her lambs to hill and glen.
From the calm sphere, that enclosed me,
Thou hast dragged me to this throne,
To seduction's voice exposed me, —
Ah, the choice was not mine own !

SCENE II.

AGNES SOREL and JOHANNA.

AGNES.

[She enters in great emotion, throwing herself on Johanna's neck, and afterwards at her feet.]

Yes! Here in dust before thee ——

JOHANNA.

Rise up! Thou
Forget'st thyself and me.

AGNES.

Prevent me not;
It is excess of joy, that brings me hither, —
I must pour out mine overflowing heart;
I worship the Invisible in THEE.
Thou art the angel, that has led my lord
To Rheims, and with the crown adorned his brow.
What I had never dreamed to see, is all
Fulfilled! The coronation waits; the King
Stands in his festal robes; assembled are
The peers, the mighty, of the realm; in tides
Around, the people stream to the cathedral;
The dance resounds, the bells chime forth. O, this
Excess of happiness I cannot bear!

[Looking for a moment at Johanna.]

But thou art always stern and grave; thou know'st
How to give happiness, but not to share it.
Thy heart is cold, thou feelest not our joys;

Thou hast seen Heaven's magnificence ; the bliss
Of earth affects not thy pure breast. —

[Johanna seizes her hand with vehemence, but quickly drops it.]

O, couldst thou be a woman, and but feel !
Off with thine armor ; war no longer calls thee ;
Blush not to own thyself of the soft sex.
My loving heart shrinks back, in awe, before thee,
So long as thou resemblest the stern Pallas.

JOHANNA.

What wouldst thou of me ?

AGNES.

Lay aside thine arms.
Love trembles to approach the steel-clad breast.
O, be a woman, and thou 'lt learn to love !

JOHANNA.

Disarm myself ? — Not now ! To death, with joy,
Would I lay bare my bosom in the battle !
But now, amidst your pageants, your festivities,
O, for a seven-fold shield to guard this heart,
To save it from itself !

AGNES.

Count Dunois loves thee.
His noble heart alive, till now, to nought
But glory and heroic virtue, glows
With holy love for thee. O, by a hero
How sweet it is to feel one's self beloved, —
How sweeter still it is to love him ! — Dost

[Johanna turns away.]

Thou hate him ? — O no, no ; thou only canst
Not love — how is it possible to hate — him ?
Who robs us of the object of our heart,
Him might we hate ; but thou hast never loved !
Thy heart is tranquil ; — if it could but feel ——

JOHANNA.

Have pity on me ; weep for my sad fate.

AGNES.

What can be wanting to thy happiness ?
Thou hast fulfilled thy promise ; France is free ;
Even to the city of his coronation
In triumph hast thou brought the King, and won
High honor ; all unite to do thee homage ;
From every tongue, from every heart, o'erflows
Thy praise ; thou 'rt goddess of this festival ;
The King, in all the splendor of his crown,
Beams not more gloriously than thou dost.

JOHANNA.

O,
That earth would in her deepest bosom hide me !

AGNES.

What 's ailing thee ? What means this strange emotion ?
Who dare lift up his face, on such a day,
If *thou* must cast down thine ? It is for me
To blush, — for me, who needs must feel so small
Beside thee, — who to thy heroic height
Can ne'er aspire ! For must I, then, to thee
Acknowledge my whole weakness ? — It is not

My country's glory, not the people's triumph,
Not the reviving splendor of the crown,
Engages this weak heart. One only object
Engrosses it, and leaves room for no other.
HE is the adored of all, — yes, HE, to whom
The people shout, for whom they strew these flowers,
On whom they call down blessings, — HE is mine.

JOHANNA.

O, thou art happy! Blessed is thy lot!
Thou lovest where all love. Thou canst unlock
Thy heart, and, without fearing the regard
Of men, pour forth thy raptures uncontrolled.
This festival is sacred to thy love.
The people, who, in endless crowds, now press
Into the city, all partake thy feeling,
All hallow it; to thee they shout, for thee
Entwine the wreath; thou shar'st the general bliss;
Thou lovest him who is the love of all.

AGNES [falling on her neck].

O, you enchant me! now I feel assured,
You understand me. Yes, you know what love is,
And what I feel, and powerfully express it.
I cast off all reserve, all fear, and pour
Out my full heart in confidence before thee.

JOHANNA.

[Tearing herself from Agnes's arms.]

O, leave me, fly me; pollute not thyself
With my infectious presence! Go, be happy;
And let me bury in profoundest night
My wretchedness, my horror, my disgrace, —

AGNES.

You startle me ; I do not understand,
Nor ever have I understood, you. Always
To me was your dark being wrapt in mystery.
Who can imagine, what a heart like yours,
A soul so pure and tender, has to dread ?

JOHANNA.

Thou art the holy, thou the pure ! Couldst thou
Behold mine inmost soul, with shuddering wouldst
Thou chase the foe, the traitress, from thy sight.

SCENE III.

Enter DUNOIS, DU CHATEL, and LA HIRE with Johanna's banner.

DUNOIS.

We are seeking thee, Johanna. All is ready ;
The King has sent to say, that 't is his wish
Thou shouldst before him bear the holy banner.
Thy place in the procession will be with
The princes of the blood, and next himself,
Who thus proclaims, that 't is to thee alone
He has adjudged the honors of the day.

LA HIRE.

Here is the banner. Take it, noble Maiden ;
The princes and the people all attend thee.

JOHANNA.

I march before the King! I bear the banner!

DUNOIS.

Whom else would it become? What other hand
Is pure enough to bear the holy sign?
Thou 'st waved it in the battle; bear it now,
If but in honor of this joyful day.

[*La Hire is about to present her with the banner; she starts back
shuddering at the sight of it.*]

JOHANNA.

Away! Away!

LA HIRE.

What! Thine own banner scare thee?
See! 'T is the same, which thou so oft hast waved
In victory. Heaven's Queen is painted on it,
Floating in light o'er this dark ball of earth;
For thus it was the Holy Mother taught thee.

JOHANNA [with horror].

'T is she! Herself! Thus she appeared to me. —
Look, how she frowns, and knits her brow, and glares
Through her dark eyelashes!

AGNES.

Alas, she is
Beside herself! Collect thy thoughts, Johanna;
Thou seest nothing real; all is but
An imitation, but an earthly picture;
Herself, she dwells amid the choirs of heaven.

JOHANNA.

Dread spectre ! Com'st thou to chastise thy creature ?
Chastise, destroy me ; grasp thy bolts, thy thunder,
And let them fall upon this guilty head !
Mine oath, my covenant, have I violated ;
I have blasphemed against thy holy name !

DUNOIS.

Alas, what means this ? What unblessed words !

LA HIRE [to Du Chatel].

I cannot understand this strange emotion.

DU CHATEL.

I see it. What I feared has come to pass.

DUNOIS.

How ? What ?

DU CHATEL.

I dare not speak my thoughts. 'O, would
To God, 't were over, and the monarch crowned !

LA HIRE.

What ! Has the fear, which went forth from this banner,
Turned back upon thyself ? Let Britons dread it.
To all true Frenchmen 't is a pledge of grace,
And only fearful to our country's foes.

JOHANNA.

Yes, thou say'st right. To friends is it propitious,

And only to the enemy a terror.

[Coronation march from without.]

DUNOIS.

Then take the banner, take it ! They begin

The march ; there 's not a moment to be lost.

[They force the banner on her ; she takes it with the utmost reluctance, and goes out, followed by the others.]

SCENE IV.

An open place before the cathedral ; the background filled with spectators.

BERTRAND, STEPHEN, CLAUDE-MARIE, and, afterwards, MARGOT and LOUISON from amongst them to the front of the stage.
The coronation march heard faintly in the distance.

BERTRAND.

Hark to the music ! Here they come ! Where is
It best to fix ourselves ? Shall we ascend
The platform, or squeeze through the crowd below ?

STEPHEN.

It is impossible to pass. The streets
Are thronged with men, and carriages, and horses.
Let 's take our station by these houses ; here
We can, at least, see the procession pass.

CLAUDE.

It seems as if one half of France was present. —
So mighty is the flood, that it has swept
Through far Lorraine, and even washed us here.

BERTRAND.

Who would sit idle in his cottage nook,
On such a day of glory for his country?
'T has cost us sweat and blood enough, o' conscience,
To set the crown upon its rightful head!
And now shall he, to whom we gave that crown, —
He, who is our true King, — shall he be worse
Attended than the one they 've crowned at Paris?
He 's no true-hearted Frenchman, who can keep
Away from such a scene, who would not join,
With heart and voice, to cry, — “ Long live the King ! ”

SCENE V.

Enter MARGOT and LOUISON.

LOUISON.

Now, Margot, we shall see our sister ! O,
How my heart beats within me !

MARGOT.

We shall see her

In all her height and glory, and shall say ; —
“ It is Johanna, it is our own sister.”

LOUISON.

I can't believe it, till with mine own eyes
I see her, that this mighty one, that she,

They call the "Maid of Orleans," is our sister,
Johanna, who was lost.

[The march sounds gradually nearer.]

MARGOT.

Dost thou still doubt?

Thou 'lt see it with thine eyes.

BERTRAND.

Attend! They come!

SCENE VI.

Flutes and hautboys open the procession. Children follow, clad in white, and bearing green branches in their hands. After them two Heralds; next Halberdiers; then Magistrates, in their robes, followed by two Marshals with staves; the Duke of BURGUNDY, bearing the sword of state; DUNOIS, with the sceptre; other Grandees, with the crown, imperial globe, and staff of justice; others with offerings; Knights in the dresses of their respective orders; choirs of Boys, with censers of incense; two Bishops, with the holy ampoul; Archbishop, with his crucifix; JOHANNA, with her banner. [She moves with drooping head, and unconscious footsteps; her sisters exhibit in their countenances liveliest signs of astonishment and joy.] After her, the KING, under a canopy borne by four Barons. Court Attendants and Soldiers close the procession.

SCENE VII.

LOUISON, MARGOT, CLAUDE-MARIE, STEPHEN, and BER-
TRAND.

MARGOT.

You saw our sister ?

CLAUDE.

Her, in golden armor,
Who with her banner marched before the King ?

MARGOT.

'T was she. Yes, 't was Johanna, our own sister.

LOUISON.

And she perceived us not ! She passed along,
Unconscious that a sister's breast was nigh.
She cast her eyes down, and she looked so pale,
And then she trembled so beneath her banner ; —
It poisoned all the joy I felt at seeing her.

MARGOT.

Well, now I 've seen our sister in her pomp
And glory. — Who could have believed,
Who could have dreamed it, in his wildest dream,
When she was tending flocks upon our hills,
That we should ever see her in such splendor ?

LOUISON.

Now father's dream has been fulfilled, that we

Should bow at Rheims before our sister. There is
The very church, which in his dream he saw,
And all is now accomplished. No ; for father
Had, also, mournful visions. Ah, it grieves me
To see her on this pinnacle of greatness !

BERTRAND.

Why stand we idle here ? Let 's to the church,
And see the holy ceremony.

MARGOT.

Come !

Who knows but we may meet our sister there ?

LOUISON.

We have already seen her. Let 's away ;
Back to our native village —

MARGOT.

What ? Before

We greet, we speak to, her ?

LOUISON.

Ah ! she no more

Belongs to us ; her place is now with kings
And princes. — Who are we, that would obtrude
Ourselves upon her greatness ? E'en whilst dwelling
In the same cot, she was a stranger to us.

MARGOT.

And would she blush, and be ashamed to own us ?

BERTRAND.

The King himself is not ashamed of us ;
He gave a friendly greeting to the lowest.
Whatever height she may ascend, the King
Will yet be higher.

[Trumpets and kettledrums resound from the cathedral.]

CLAUDE.

Come ! Let 's to the church.

[They retire into the background, where they are lost in the crowd.]

SCENE VIII.

Enter THIBAUT, clad in black ; RAYMOND following, and endeavouring to hold him back.

RAYMOND.

Stay, father Thibaut ; keep back from the throng !
Here you see none but revellers and rejoicers,
Who 'll deem your grief an insult to their mirth.
Come, let us quit the town without delay.

THIBAUT.

Didst thou see my unhappy child ? Hast thou
Remarked her well ?

RAYMOND.

Away, I do beseech you !

THIBAUT.

Didst thou remark, how troubled was her face,
How faltering and irresolute her step?
The wretched girl is conscious of her state.
This is the moment to preserve my child,
And I will seize it.

[Going.]

RAYMOND.

Stay! What art thou doing?

THIBAUT.

I'll take her by surprise, will hurl her down,
From her vain eminence;—yes, to her God,
Whom she has dared renounce, will I, by force,
Conduct her back.

RAYMOND.

O, pause! Consider well!
Call not destruction down on your own child.

THIBAUT.

Perish her body, so her soul but live!

[Johanna rushes out of the cathedral without her banner; the people
press round and adore her, kissing the hem of her garments. She
is detained by the crowd in the background.]

She rushes, pale and trembling from the sanctuary.
Her conscience drives her thence. God's justice now
Is speaking to her soul!

RAYMOND.

Farewell! Ask not
My longer stay. I came here full of hope,

And go o'erwhelmed with anguish. I have seen
Your child again, and feel that I anew
Must lose her ! [Exeunt Thibaut and Raymond, on opposite sides.]

SCENE IX.

JOHANNA, People, and, after them, MARGOT and LOUISON.

JOHANNA.

[Escaping from the crowd, and coming forwards.]

I cannot stay there longer. Spirits chase me ;
The organ speaks in thunder to my soul ;
The vaulted dome seems rushing down upon me ;
I must, awhile, breathe the free air of heaven ! —
I 've left my banner in the sanctuary, —
Alas, this hand must never touch it more ! —
It was to me, as though I 'd seen my sisters,
The dear ones, Margaret and Louison,
Glide past me, like a dream. — Ah, 't was but some
Deceitful apparition ! They are far,
Far off, and, like my days of infancy
And guiltless happiness, for ever gone.

MARGOT [coming forwards].

'T is she ! It is Johanna !

LOUISON [hastening towards her].

O, my sister !

JOHANNA.

So, 't was no dream, — 't is you, — and I embrace
Thee, my Louison ! thee, my Margaret !
Here, in this wilderness of strangers, I
May lean upon a faithful sister's breast.

MARGOT.

She knows us still, is still our kind, good sister :

JOHANNA.

And your affection brought you all this way
To see me ! You 're not angry with your sister,
Who left you e'en without one kind farewell.

LOUISON.

'T was God's inscrutable decree, that took you.

MARGOT.

The fame of thee, which runs through all the world,
And makes thy deeds a theme for every tongue,
Has roused us, even in our tranquil village,
And led us to this pageant's celebration.
We came to witness thy renown, and we —
Are not alone !

JOHANNA [eagerly].

My father is with you !
Where, where is he ? And why does he conceal himself ?

MARGOT.

Our father is not with us.

JOHANNA.

No! Will he
Not see his child? But sure he sends his blessing?

LOUISON.

He knows not that we 're here.

JOHANNA.

Not know it? How
Not know it? You are troubled, you are silent,
And cast your eyes down! — Say, where is our father?

MARGOT.

Since your departure —

LOUISON.

[Motioning to her to be silent.]

Margot!

MARGOT.

Despondent — Father 's been

JOHANNA.

Been despondent?

LOUISON.

Comfort thee!
Thou knowest his misgiving soul. He 'll soon
Recover his lost spirits, soon be satisfied,
When he has learned from us, that thou art happy.

MARGOT.

For thou *art* happy? Yes, thou must be so,
In midst of so much greatness, so much glory!

JOHANNA.

I am so, now that I once more behold you,
Now that I hear the tones of your loved voices,
Reminding me of our dear father's hearth. —
O, when I fed the flocks upon our hills,
Then was I blessed, as in a paradise. —
And can I not behold those days again?

[Hides her face in Louison's bosom. Meanwhile Claude-Marie, Stephen, and Bertrand, are seen timidly standing in the distance.]

MARGOT.

Come, Stephen, Bertrand, Claude! Our sister is
Not proud; she is so good, and speaks as kindly
As when she still lived with us in the village.

[They approach, and are about to shake hands with her. Johanna looks at them with a fixed eye, and falls into a deep stupor.]

JOHANNA.

Where was I? Tell me! Was it nothing more
Than a long dream, and am I just awakened?
Have I been absent from Dom Remi? No;
I was asleep beneath the magic oak,
And now I wake and find you all around me;
I see your cordial, well-known countenances. —
I've but been dreaming about kings, and battles,
And deeds of war. They were but passing shadows,
Such as one always sees beneath that tree. —

But how came you at Rheims? How came I here
Myself? No, no; I never left Dom Remi!
Assure me of it and rejoice my heart.

LOUISON.

We are at Rheims. Thou hast not merely dreamed
Of these war-deeds, thou really hast achieved them. —
Look round thee! recollect thyself; behold
And feel thy glittering, golden armor!

[Johanna lays her hand upon her breast, and, with a shudder, seems
to recollect herself.]

BERTRAND.

'T was from my hand, that she received that helmet.

CLAUDE.

No wonder, that you think it all a dream;
For never fancy fabled scenes more strange,
Than you have, in reality, been acting.

JOHANNA [with impatience].

Come, let us go! I must return with you
Back to our village, back to father's bosom.

LOUISON.

O, come, come with us, sister!

JOHANNA.

These men all

Exalt me far above my low deserts.
You 've seen me in my childhood, in my weakness,
And love, although you do not worship, me.

MARGOT.

Wouldst thou leave all this splendor?

JOHANNA.

I despise it;

I cast it from me, as a hateful garb,
Which separates your faithful hearts from mine,
And I will be a shepherdess again,
E'en as a lowly maiden will I serve you,
And, with severest penance, expiate
The crime of having set myself above you.

[Trumpets sound.]

SCENE X.

Enter the KING, coming out of the church in his coronation robes.
AGNES SOREL, the ARCHBISHOP, the DUKE OF BURGUNDY,
DUNOIS, LA HIRE, DU CHATEL, with Knights, Courtiers, and
People.

ALL VOICES.

[Repeatedly, as the King advances.]

Long live the King! Long live our Charles the Seventh!

[The trumpets cease, and, on a signal from the King, the Heralds,
with uplifted staves, proclaim silence.]

CHARLES.

I thank you, my good people, for your love!
The crown, which God hath set upon our head,
Though by the sword redeemed, and with the blood

Of noblest citizens bedewed, shall yet
Grow green and flourish with the peaceful olive. .
Thanks to you all who have fought *for* me; and
To all who 've drawn their swords *against* me, pardon.
For GRACE to us hath God displayed, and, therefore,
Let our first royal word be one of GRACE !

PEOPLE.

Long live the King ! Long live our Charles, the Good !

CHARLES.

From God alone, the supreme Sovereign,
The kings of France receive their crown ; but we
Have from his hand, in way most VISIBLE,
Received it. [Turning to the Maiden.]
Here stands the heavenly envoy, who to you
Hath given back your hereditary king,
And burst the yoke of foreign tyranny.
Henceforth she shall be equal with Saint Denis,
The patron and protector of this land, '
And altars to her glory shall arise.

PEOPLE.

Hail to the Maiden ! Hail to our deliveress !

[Trumpets.]

CHARLES [to Johanna].

If thou art born of mortal race, as we are,
Say, what high meed, what grateful boon, might glad thee ?
But, if thy fatherland is there above,
If thou the rays of a celestial nature
Veil'st in that virgin frame, then clear our eyes,
And let us see thee in thy form of light,

As thou art seen in heaven, that we, in dust
All prostrate, may fall down and worship thee.

[A general silence, and all eyes fixed upon Johanna.]

JOHANNA [suddenly shrieking].

O God! My father!

SCENE XI.

THIBAUT, stepping forwards from the crowd, and standing right opposite to Johanna.

SEVERAL VOICES.

Her father!

THIBAUT.

Yes, her wretched father, who,
Led here by Heaven, accuses his own daughter.

BURGUNDY.

What 's this?

DU CHATEL.

Now for some fearful revelation!

THIBAUT.

You think the power of God has interposed
For your deliverance? Vain prince! Blind people!
'T is by the Devil's arts, that ye have triumphed.

[All recoil with horror.]

DUNOIS.

The fellow raves !

THIBAUT.

Not I ; 't is thou that ravest,
And these good folks here, ay, and this wise bishop,
And all, who think that the high Lord of Heaven
Through a mean damsel would reveal himself.
Let 's see, if here, before her father's face,
She dare maintain the lie, the monstrous juggle,
Wherewith she hath abused both King and people.
Answer me by the sacred Trinity ; —
Belong'st thou to the Holy and the Pure ?

[A general silence ; all eyes are turned on Johanna, who stands motionless.]

AGNES.

Heavens, she is dumb !

THIBAUT.

And well may *she* be so,
Before the dreaded name at which deep Hell
Starts back aghast ! — She holy ? She from heaven ?
I know the accursed spot where all was planned !
Beneath the wizard-oak, where evil spirits,
From oldest time, their sabbath revels keep.
There, for short-lived renown and worldly splendor,
She bartered to the Enemy of man
Her life's immortal part. Lay bare her arm,
And see the mark wherewith the Fiend hath stamped her.

BURGUNDY.

Most horrible ! — Yet one must believe a father,
Who comes to witness against his own child !

DUNOIS.

No ; no one can give credit to a madman,
Who, in his daughter's shame, proclaims his own !

AGNES [to Johanna].

O, speak ! Break this unhappy silence ! We 'll
Believe thee ! We 'll put steadfast trust in thee !
One sentence from thy mouth, one single word,
Will satisfy us. Speak ! Annihilate
This horrid accusation. Only say,
That thou art innocent, and we 'll believe thee.

[Johanna stands motionless ; Agnes withdraws in horror.]

LA HIRE.

She is terrified. Astonishment and horror
Have sealed her lips. Before a charge so dreadful,
E'en innocence itself must shrink confounded.

[Approaching her.]

Collect thyself, Johanna. Feel thy strength.
Truth has a tone, a lightning-glance, that smites
Down calumny, that withers all accusers !
Arouse thyself to noble indignation ;
Look up, and put to shame the unworthy doubt,
That wrongs thy holy virtue.

[Johanna stands motionless ; La Hire retires in dismay ; the tumult increases.]

DUNOIS.

What dismays

The people? Why do e'en our princes tremble?
 She is innocent. Myself will answer for her;
 I stake my princely fame upon her truth!
 Here I throw down my gauntlet; and who dares
 To say, she is guilty? [Violent thunder; all stand aghast.]

THIBAUT.

Answer by the God,
 Who speaks in thunder from above! Say, thou
 Art innocent. Deny it, that the Enemy
 Is in that heart, and give thy sire the lie.
 [A second, and a more violent, peal; the people fly on all sides.]

BURGUNDY.

Protect us, Heaven! What fearful omens!

DU CHATEL [to the King].

Come!

Let's fly this place, Sire!

ARCHBISHOP [to Johanna].

In God's name, I ask thee;
 Is it from conscious guilt, or innocence,
 That thou art silent? If the thunder's voice
 Speak for thee, take this cross and give a sign!
 [Johanna remains motionless. Fresh peals of thunder. The King,
 Agnes, Archbishop, La Hire, and Du Chatel, retire.]

SCENE XII.

JOHANNA and DUNOIS.

DUNOIS.

Thou art my wife. In thee have I believed
From the first glance, and I believe thee still.
Yes, I believe thee more than all these signs,
Than all these thunders, speaking from above.
In noble indignation thou art silent ;
In sacred innocence enwrapt, thou scorn'st
To notice e'en the infamous suspicion.
Disdain it still, but place thy trust in ME,
Who never of thine innocence had doubt.
I want no words ; extend me but thy hand,
In pledge, that, on mine arm and thy good cause
Relying, thou accept'st me as thy champion.

[He extends his hand to her ; she turns away from him with convulsive emotion. He remains standing in fixed astonishment and horror.]

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SCENE XIII.

JOHANNA, DU CHATEL, DUNOIS, and, lastly, RAYMOND.

DU CHATEL.

Johanna, Maid of Arc ! The King permits you
To leave this city without molestation.
The gates stand open for you ; fear no insult,

The King's safeguard protects you. — Follow me,
Count Dunois. To prolong your presence here,
With honor to yourself, you cannot. — What an issue !

[Exit Du Chatel ; Dunois rouses himself from his stupor, casts a look on Johanna, and follows. — At length Raymond appears, remaining for a while in the distance, and regarding her with silent anguish. He then advances, and takes her by the hand.]

RAYMOND.

The streets are all deserted. Seize the moment.
Give me your hand. I will conduct you hence.

[At sight of Raymond, she gives the first sign of consciousness, gazing fixedly on him, and then raising her eyes towards heaven. She, at length, grasps his hand, and goes out with him.]

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

A wild forest with colliers' huts in the distance. Darkness, thunder, and lightning. Cannon heard in the intervals of the storm.

A COLLIER and his WIFE.

COLLIER.

It is a fearful, murderous hurricane ;
The heaven seems rushing down in floods of fire ;
Day 's so like night, that one might see the stars.
Not Hell, with all its fiends let loose, could raise
Worse uproar ; the earth rocks, and with loud crash
The forest-fathers bow their rifted heads.
And yet this warfare of the elements,
Which teaches e'en the wild beasts gentleness,
And sends them tamed into their dens, stills not
The rage of men. From out the howlings of
The tempest you may hear the cannon's roar.
Both hosts are now so near each other, that
The wood alone divides them ; and each hour
May close in some new scene of blood and horror.

WIFE.

God's help be with us! But I thought the enemy
Were totally defeated and dispersed.
How comes it, that they harass us anew?

COLLIER.

It is because they fear the King no longer.
Ever since the Maid was banished, as a witch,
From Rheims, the evil Fiend denies us help,
And all goes backwards.

WIFE.

Hark! Some one approaches.

SCENE II.

Enter JOHANNA and RAYMOND.

RAYMOND.

I see a cottage. Come! Here we shall find
A shelter from the storm. You can hold out
No longer; three days in the woods already
You've wandered, flying the regards of men,
And feeding on wild roots and berries.

[The storm subsides, and the sky becomes bright and serene.]

This is
Some honest collier's hut. Come, let us enter.

COLLIER.

You seem to stand in need of rest. Come in !
Whatever our poor roof affords is yours.

WIFE.

What has this tender maid to do with arms ?
Well ! These must be sad times, when even woman
Wears coat of mail. The Queen herself, they say,
Rides forth in armor through the English camp ;
And a young maid, a shepherd's daughter, has
Been bravely fighting for the King, our master.

COLLIER.

Why do you stand here talking ? Make haste in,
And bring out some refreshment for the maiden.

[Wife goes into the cottage.]

RAYMOND [to Johanna].

You see, all men are not alike unkind ;
E'en in the desert there dwell gentle hearts. —
Cheer up ! The storm has ceased, and peaceably
The western sun extends his parting rays.

COLLIER.

You 're on your way, I guess, to join the King,
Seeing you travel armed. Be on your guard !
The Englanders have pitched their camp hard by,
And often make incursions through the forest.

RAYMOND.

Alas ! How shall we, then, escape them ?

COLLIER.

Wait

Until my boy comes back, and he shall lead you
Through hidden paths, where you 'll have nought to fear;
We know each track.

RAYMOND [to Johanna].

Put off your helm and armor.
They are no protection, and will but betray you.
[Johanna shakes her head.]

COLLIER.

The maid seems sore depressed.—Hush! Who comes here?

SCENE III.

The Collier's Wife comes from the hut with a cup; and, after her, from
the opposite side of the stage, the Boy.]

WIFE.

It is the boy whom we are expecting back.

[Giving the cup to Johanna.]

Here, drink, and, with God's grace, may it refresh you.

COLLIER [to the Boy].

Art come, Anet?

BOY.

[Sees Johanna, and, recognizing her, runs up and snatches the cup
from her lips.]

What art thou doing, mother?

Whom art thou entertaining? 'T is the Witch
Of Orleans!

COLLIER AND WIFE.

God of heaven be gracious to us!
[They cross themselves, and fly.]

SCENE IV.

RAYMOND and JOHANNA.

JOHANNA [calm and resigned].

Thou seest the malediction that pursues me;
All fly my presence; think, then, of thyself,
And leave me.

RAYMOND.

What! *I* leave you? Leave you now?
And who shall be your guide?

JOHANNA.

I am not all
Alone. Thou 'st heard the thunder o'er my head.
My destiny will guide me. Grieve not! I
Shall reach my goal, and even without seeking it.

RAYMOND.

Where would you go? Here stand the English, who
Have sworn a bloody, fierce revenge against you, —
There, your own people, who have banished you.

JOHANNA.

Nothing, but what *must* be, can overtake me.

RAYMOND.

Who shall find food for you ? Who shall protect you
From savage beasts, and yet more savage men ?
Who tend upon you, when you are sick and wretched ?

JOHANNA.

I know all herbs, all roots ; the poisonous from
The sound my sheep have taught me to distinguish ;
I understand the courses of the stars,
And the cloud's paths ; and I can hear the gush
Of hidden springs. Man stands in need of little,
And nature 's rich in life.

RAYMOND [taking her by the hand].

And will you not
Be reconciled with God, and, penitent,
Return into our church's holy bosom ?

JOHANNA.

Even thou believest me guilty ?

RAYMOND.

Must I not ?
Your silence seemed confession of the charge.

JOHANNA.

Thou, who hast followed me in my afflictions,
The only being who stood true to me,

Who chained himself to me, when by all else
Forsaken, scorned, — even thou consider'st me
A reprobate, who has renounced her God. —

[Raymond is silent.]

O, this is hard !

RAYMOND [surprised].

What ? Then you are, in truth,
No sorceress ?

JOHANNA.

I, a sorceress !

RAYMOND.

And these wonders
You have effected through the power of God
And of his saints ?

JOHANNA.

Through whom else could I do them ?

RAYMOND.

And were you silent to this horrible charge ? —
You speak now ; yet, before the King, when it
Behoved you to speak out, you held your tongue !

JOHANNA.

In silence I submitted to the fate,
Which God, my Master, had suspended o'er me.

RAYMOND.

Even to your father you made no reply.

JOHANNA.

For, if it came from him, it came from God,
And fatherly will also be the trial.

RAYMOND.

E'en Heaven seemed to bear witness to your guilt.

JOHANNA.

Heaven spoke ; and therefore I was silent.

RAYMOND.

How !

And you could, with one word, have cleared yourself,
Yet left the world in this unhappy error ?

JOHANNA.

It was no error, it was fate.

RAYMOND.

Such insults,

Such undeserved reproaches, heaped upon thee,
And not a murmur to escape thy lips !
I stand astounded at you, horror-struck ;
My heart is turned within my deepest bosom !
O, joyfully I take your words for truth ;
Indeed, 't was hard for me to think you guilty.
But could I dream, that human heart would ever
Submit in silence to a charge so monstrous ?

JOHANNA.

Should I deserve to be God's messenger,

Did I not own submission to his will?
Yet am I not so wretched as you think;
I suffer want, but that is no affliction
For one like me; I am doomed to exile, yet
In exile have I learned to know myself. —
Then, whilst the blaze of glory streamed around me,
Then was the struggle in my breast; I was
Unhappiest, when to the world I seemed
Most object of its envy or applause. —
Now am I healed, and this fierce storm in Nature,
Which threatened her destruction, was my friend.
'T has purified alike the world and me.
I am at peace within, and, come what will,
Feel conscious of no further weakness.

RAYMOND.

Come!

O come, let 's haste, and loudly to the world,
To the whole world, proclaim thine innocence!

JOHANNA.

He, who allowed the error, will dispel it;
The fruit of fate falls not but till 't is ripe.
A day will come to vindicate my fame,
And those, who have rejected and condemned me,
Will wake to consciousness of their delusion,
And weep for my misfortune.

RAYMOND.

What! must I

Endure it all in silence, wait till chance —

JOHANNA [taking him gently by the hand.]

Thou seest but the natural of things,
For earthly bands confine thy mortal sight ;
But with these eyes I 've gazed on the immortal. —
Without God's will there falls not from man's head
A single hair. — Thou seest the sun descend
Yon western sky, and, sure as he renews
His beams, so sure will come the day of truth.

SCENE V.

QUEEN ISABEAU appears, with Soldiers in the background.

ISABEAU [entering].

This is the way into the English camp.

RAYMOND.

Woe ! woe ! The enemy !

[The soldiers advance, see Johanna, and stagger back confounded.]

ISABEAU.

Well ! Why this halting ?

SOLDIERS.

The Lord protect us !

ISABEAU.

Have you seen a ghost ?

You soldiers ? No, you are arrant cowards ! — Ha !

[Starting back at the sight of the Maiden.]

What 's this I see ?

[Quickly recovering herself, and advancing towards Johanna.]

Surrender ! You are my prisoner.

JOHANNA.

I am so.

[Raymond flies in despair.]

ISABEAU [to the soldiers].

Fetter her.

[The soldiers approach her in terror ; she holds out her hands to them, and is bound.]

Is this the Mighty,

The Terrible, who scared our hosts as lambs,

And now 's unable to protect herself ?

Her miracles were only for believers,

And, let a man oppose her, she is a woman !

[To Johanna.]

Why hast thou left thy host ? Where is Count Dunois,

Thy champion and protector ?

JOHANNA.

I am banished.

ISABEAU [stepping back in astonishment].

What ! banished ? Thou ? And banished by the Dauphin ?

JOHANNA.

Ask not. I 'm in thy power ; decide my doom.

ISABEAU.

Banished, because thou 'st saved him from destruction,

Because thou 'st set the crown upon his head

At Rheims, and made him monarch over France !

Banished ! Therein I recognize my son ! —
Conduct her to the camp, and show the soldiers
The fearful spectre before which they trembled !
A sorceress ! She a sorceress ? All her sorcery
Consisted in your cowardice and folly !
She is a fool, who, to her sovereign's safety
Has sacrificed her own ; and for her folly
Is now right-royally rewarded. — Take her
To Lionel. I send him the Deliveress
Of France, a prisoner, and in chains. — I 'll follow.

JOHANNA.

To Lionel ? No, let me sooner die.

ISABEAU [to the soldiers].

Obeys your orders, and away with her !

[Exit.]

SCENE VI.

JOHANNA and SOLDIERS.

JOHANNA [to the soldiers].

Ye English ! suffer not that I escape
Your hands alive ! Come, wreak your vengeance on me !
Out with your swords, and plunge them in my heart,
And drag me lifeless to your general's feet.
Think, that 't was I, who slew your bravest, — I,
Who never pitied you, — who shed whole streams
Of English blood, and cut off your best heroes

From ever seeing home or kindred more!
Now is your time for bloody vengeance! Slay me!
I am in your power; you may not always find me
Weak and unarmed as now.

CAPTAIN.

Do as the Queen

Commanded.

JOHANNA.

Am I doomed to further woe?
O, dread, but holy One, thy hand is heavy!
Hast thou entirely cast me from thy grace?
No God appears, no angel-guide descends;
Earth's miracles are over, heaven is closed.
[She follows the soldiers.]

SCENE VII.

The French Camp.

DUNOIS between the ARCHBISHOP and DU CHATEL.

ARCHBISHOP.

Restrain your dark displeasure, Prince! Come with us!
Back to your King! Quit not the common cause
At such a moment, when, oppressed anew,
We need the aid of your heroic arm.

DUNOIS.

And why are we oppressed ? And wherefore has
The foe returned upon us ? All was done,
France was victorious, and the war concluded.
You 've banished your Protectress ; now protect
Yourselves ! I leave you ! Not again will I
Behold the camp, where she no longer is.

DU CHATEL.

Take better counsel, Prince ; dismiss us not
With such an answer.

DUNOIS.

Peace, Du Chatel, peace !

I hate thee ; from thy lips I will hear nothing.
'T was thou, — yes, thou, that wert the first to doubt her.

ARCHBISHOP.

Who was there not in error, and who might not
Have wavered on that most unhappy day,
When every sign gave evidence against her ?
We were surprised, confounded ; the swift bolt
Fell, withering, on our hearts. In such an hour
Of horror, who could reason, who weigh proofs ? —
But reason has returned ; we now behold her
Just as she was, whilst moving here amongst us,
And find no evil in her. We are perplexed,
We fear to have committed gross injustice.
The King repents his fault, the Duke cannot
Excuse himself, La Hire is inconsolable,
And not a heart but wraps itself in mourning.

DUNOIS.

She an impostor ! O, were Truth itself
To come in visible, corporeal form,
'T would wear none else but hers ! If innocence,
Faith, purity of heart, inhabit earth,
Upon her lips, in her bright eyes, they dwell !

ARCHBISHOP.

Heaven's self will interpose by some new miracle,
And solve this mystery, which mortal eyes,
Like ours, might vainly hope to penetrate. —
Yet search into, unravel, matters as
You will, one of two ways have we been guilty :
We have trusted to Hell's arm for our deliverance,
Or banished from the realm a blessed saint !
And either act must call down Heaven's dark wrath
And chastisement on this unhappy land.

SCENE VIII.

Enter a GENTLEMAN of the Court, and, after him, RAYMOND.

GENTLEMAN.

Here 's a young shepherd, asking for your Highness ;
He pressingly demands to speak with you,
And comes, he says, with tidings of the Maiden, —

DUNOIS.

Admit him. — Quick ! He comes from her ?

[The gentleman opens the door to Raymond, and Dunois hastens forward to meet him.]

Where is she ?

Where is the Maid ?

RAYMOND.

Hail to you, noble Prince !

I joy to find you with this pious bishop,
This holy man, the refuge of the oppressed,
The father of the desolate ! —

DUNOIS.

Where is she ?

ARCHBISHOP.

Tell us, my son.

RAYMOND.

She is no black enchantress !
By God and all the saints in heaven, I swear it.
The people are in error. You have banished
Innocence, rejected God's own messenger !

DUNOIS.

Where is she ? Say.

RAYMOND.

I was attendant on
Her flight into the forest of Ardennes ;
There she confessed to me her inmost heart.

May I expire in tortures, may my soul
Be ne'er partaker of celestial bliss,
If she 's not pure, Sir, from all guilt or stain.

DUNOIS.

The sun himself in heaven cannot be purer !
Where is she ? Speak !

RAYMOND.

O, then, if God has turned
Your hearts, haste, haste to her deliverance ! —
She is now a prisoner in the English camp.

DUNOIS.

A prisoner ?

ARCHBISHOP.

O, the unhappy !

RAYMOND.

In the wood
Of Ardennes, where we sought for shelter, was she
Seized by the Queen, and given up to the English.
O, save her, — her, who has delivered you, —
O, save her from a death of horror ! Save her ! —

DUNOIS.

To arms ! To arms ! Let the drum beat to arms !
Lead forth our troops to battle ! Let all France
Be up in arms ! Our honor is at stake,
Our crown is stolen, our palladium gone.

Our blood, our lives, we set upon the die:
The sun shall not go down, ere she is free!

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IX.

A Watch-tower, with an aperture in the upper part of it.

JOHANNA, LIONEL, FASTOLF, and, after them, QUEEN ISABEAU.

FASTOLF [entering with precipitation].

The people can no longer be restrained.
They furiously insist, the Maid shall die.
In vain would you oppose. Then sacrifice her,
And throw her head from yonder turret's height.
Her blood alone can pacify the host.

ISABEAU [entering].

They've fixed their ladders, and will storm the walls.
Appease the people, then; or would you wait,
Until, in their blind rage, they seize the tower,
And we all perish in the common ruin?
You cannot save the Maid; so give her up.

LIONEL.

Let them assail us; let them rage and roar;
The tower is strong, and underneath its ruins
Will I be buried, ere they shall control me.—
Johanna, answer me; O, be but mine,
And against the whole world will I protect thee!

ISABEAU.

Are you a man ?

LIONEL.

Thy fellow-citizens
Reject thee ; from all ties, all faith, to thine
Unworthy fatherland art thou absolved.
The dastards, who once wooed thy love, forsake
Thee now ; they dared not combat for thy honor.
But I, — against my people and thine own, —
Will I uphold thee. Once thou didst allow me
To think my life was dear to thee ! And *then*
I stood in fight against thee, as a foe ;
But now thou hast no other friend but me.

JOHANNA.

Thou art my country's foe and, therefore, mine.
Nought can be common betwixt thee and me.
I cannot love thee ; but still, if thy heart
Inclines towards me, let it bring a blessing
On our two nations. — From the soil of France
Withdraw thy hosts ; deliver up the keys
Of all the cities thou hast taken from us ;
Restore all spoils of war, release all prisoners ;
Send hostages for thine observance of
The holy treaty ! — Peace, upon these terms,
I offer to thee in my Sovereign's name.

ISABEAU.

Wouldst thou, a captive, dictate laws to us ?

JOHANNA.

Do it betimes, for thou, ere long, *must* do it.
France never will endure the chains of England.
No ; never, never ! Sooner will she be
A distant grave for your extinguished hosts.
Already have your bravest fallen ; think
How best you may secure your own return.
Your power is gone, your glory is no more.

ISABEAU.

Can you endure this maniac's arrogance ?

SCENE X.

Enter a CAPTAIN in haste.

CAPTAIN.

Haste, General, haste, and form your troops for battle !
The French advance with flying colors ; the
Whole valley gleams with their reflected arms.

JOHANNA [inspired].

The French advance ! Now to the field, proud England !
Now is your time to fight !

FASTOLF.

Fool, tame thy joy !
Thou wilt not see the evening of this day.

JOHANNA.

So be it ! France will conquer ; I shall die.
She needs not more the succour of my arm.

LIONEL.

Who heeds the cowards ? We have seen them fly
Before us in a hundred fights, ere this
Heroic Maid fought for them ! I despise
Them all but one, and that one have they banished. —
Come, Fastolf, come ! And let us treat them with
A second day of Crécy or Poitiers.
You, Queen, remain within these walls, and watch
The Maiden, till the combat be decided.
I leave you fifty knights to guard her.

FASTOLF.

What !

Shall we advance against the enemy,
And leave this witch, this fury, in our rear ?

JOHANNA.

And does a fettered woman fright thee ?

LIONEL.

Give me

Thy word, Johanna, that thou 'lt not escape.

JOHANNA.

Mine only wish is to regain my freedom.

ISABEAU.

Attach her with a triple chain. My life

Upon her, she shall not escape !

[Heavy chains are fastened round her arms and body.]

LIONEL [to Johanna].

Thou will'st it ; thou constrain'st us. With thyself
Rests thine own destiny ! Renounce but France,
Bear England's colors, and thou 'rt free ; and these
Mad savages, now thirsting for thy blood,
Shall serve beneath thy banner.

FASTOLF [pressingly].

Time is flying ;

Away, away, my General !

JOHANNA.

Spare thy words ;

The French advance. Defend yourselves.

[Trumpets heard. Lionel hurries out.]

FASTOLF.

You know,

Queen, what you have to do ! Should fate declare
Against us, should you see our soldiers fly, ——

ISABEAU [drawing a dagger].

SHE shall not live to witness our defeat.

FASTOLF [to Johanna].

Thou knowest what awaits thee. Now invoke
Success upon thy people's arms !

[Exit Fastolf.]

SCENE XI.

ISABEAU, JOHANNA, and Soldiers.

JOHANNA.

That, that
I will! Therein shall none prevent me. — Hark!
That is my people's war-march. How inspiring!
It speaks, in tones of triumph to my heart, —
Vengeance on England! Victory to France!
On, gallant comrades, on! The Maid is near you;
She cannot wave, as once, her flag before you, —
Bonds, heavy bonds, forbid; but her free soul,
Borne on the wings of your war-song, o'erleaps
Her dungeon, and, in triumph, hovers round you.

ISABEAU [to a soldier].

Ascend yon watch-tower, that o'erlooks the field,
And say, how fares the fortune of the day.

[Soldier ascends the tower.]

JOHANNA.

Courage, my men! 'T is your last battle; one
More victory, and the foe is crushed for ever.

ISABEAU [to the soldier].

What seest thou?

SOLDIER.

Already they join battle.
A knight, all-furious on his fiery barb,

And with a tiger's skin across his back,
Leads on their men-at-arms.

JOHANNA.

'T is Dunois. On,
Brave warrior! Victory is with thee!

SOLDIER.

Burgundy

Attacks the bridge.

ISABEAU.

O, that a thousand lances
Were buried deep in that foul traitor's heart!

SOLDIER.

Lord Fastolf manfully makes head against him.
They 've left their steeds, they 're fighting man to man,
Our soldiers and the Duke's —

ISABEAU.

Seest thou the Dauphin?
Seest thou the royal banner?

SOLDIER.

All 's confused,
All lost in dust. I can distinguish nothing.

JOHANNA.

Had he *mine* eye, or stood I where he is,
The slightest speck should not escape the view.
The wild game I can number in their flight,
Or ken the falcon in his heights of air.

SOLDIER.

There is a fearful pressure round the trenches ;
The best, the bravest, are contending there.

ISABEAU.

Where floats our banner ?

SOLDIER.

High above the field.

JOHANNA.

Could I but find some loop-hole in these walls,
That, with my glance, I might direct the battle !

SOLDIER.

Alas ! What 's this I see ? Our General is
Surrounded.

ISABEAU [drawing her dagger on Johanna].

Die, wretch !

SOLDIER [hastily].

They have rescued him.

And Fastolf now attacks the enemy
In rear. He breaks into their thickest ranks.

ISABEAU [sheathing her dagger].

There spake thine angel.

SOLDIER.

Victory ! They fly !

ISABEAU.

Who fly?

SOLDIER.

Our foes! The French, the Burgunders.
The field is covered o'er with fugitives.

JOHANNA.

O God! O God! Thou wilt not thus forsake me?

SOLDIER.

A wounded knight is carried off the field.
Crowds hurry to his aid. It is some Prince.

ISABEAU.

Of England or of France?

SOLDIER.

They loose his helmet.
It is Count Dunois.

JOHANNA.

[With hysteric effort to burst her chains.]

Heavens! And I disarmed,
And fettered!

SOLDIER.

Look! Who wears the sky-blue mantle,
With gold embordered?

JOHANNA [hastily].

That 's the King, my master.

SOLDIER.

His horse is plunging, — it falls backwards with him, —
With pain the rider extricates himself ; —

[Johanna listens in passionate emotion.]

Our troops advance already in full charge, —
They 've reached him, — they surround him, —

JOHANNA.

O, has Heaven

No angel more to send for his deliverance ?

ISABEAU [sneeringly].

Now is the time ! Now, saviour, now deliver him !

JOHANNA.

[Throwing herself on her knees, and praying with earnest and strong voice.]

O, hear me, God, in this my deepest need !
Up, up to thee, in burning supplication,
Into thy heaven I send my soul. Thou canst
Give cable-strength to the weak spider's web,
Canst turn to finest thread the stoutest steel ;
Thou only will'st it, and these chains fall off,
These walls are riven asunder. Thou didst help
Samson, when, blind and chained, he was enduring
The bitter scorn of his proud enemies ;
Trusting in thee, with mighty grasp he seized
The pillars of his prison, tugged and shook,
Till down they came, and drew the whole roof with them.

SOLDIER.

Hurrah ! Hurrah !

ISABEAU.

What 's happened now ?

SOLDIER.

The King

Is taken prisoner !

JOHANNA [springing up].

God be gracious to me !

[Grasps and breaks the chains with her hands ; rushes, at the same moment, on the nearest soldier ; wrests his sword from him, and hurries out. All regard her in fixed astonishment.]

SCENE XII.

ISABEAU and the Soldiers.

ISABEAU [after a long pause].

What ! Was I dreaming ? Or has she escaped ?
How could she break these hundred-pounder fetters ?
I would not have believed even a whole world,
Had I not, with these eyes, myself beheld it.

SOLDIER [on the watch-tower].

How ! Has she wings ? or has the whirlwind seized her ?

ISABEAU.

Where is she ?

SOLDIER.

In the thickest of the battle ;
Her course outstrips my sight. Now here, now there,
At once I see her in so many places !
She rends the throng ; all, all give way before her.
The French advance ; they form themselves anew ; —
Woe 's me ! Our soldiers cast away their arms ;
Our banners sink —

ISABEAU.

What ! Will she rob us, then,
Of certain victory ?

SOLDIER.

Straight to the King
She presses on. She 's reached, she rescues him, —
Lord Fastolf falls, — our General 's taken prisoner.

ISABEAU.

I 'll hear no more. Come down.

SOLDIER.

Fly, Queen !
Armed men approach. The tower will be attacked.

ISABEAU [drawing her sword].

Then fight, ye cowards !

SCENE XIII.

Enter LA HIRE with Soldiers. The Queen's people lay down their arms.

LA HIRE.

[Approaching the Queen respectfully.]

Queen, submit yourself
To the Almighty. Vain is all resistance. —
Accept my services ; and tell me where
I may escort your Grace.

ISABEAU.

All places are
To me alike, so I meet not the Dauphin.
[Surrendering her sword, and following with the soldiers.]

SCENE XIV.

Scene changes to the Field of Battle. Soldiers with flying colors fill the background ; before them KING CHARLES and the Duke of BURGUNDY. JOHANNA lies in the arms of the two Princes, mortally wounded, and without signs of life. They are advancing slowly forwards, when AGNES, rushing in, throws herself on the King's bosom.

AGNES.

You 're freed, — you live, — I have you once again !

CHARLES.

Yes, I am freed ; but, O, at what a price !

[Pointing to Johanna.]

AGNES.

Johanna ! Heavens, she is dying !

BURGUNDY.

All is over !

See the departing angel ! There she lies
Pangless and tranquil, as a sleeping child !
Heaven's peace plays round her features ; not a breath
Escapes her bosom ; — yet there 's sign of life
In her warm hand.

CHARLES.

She is gone. — O, never more
Will she awake ; no more her eye will gaze
On things of earth. Already a pure Spirit,
She soars into the kingdom of the Blest,
Nor sees our grief, nor our repentance, more.

AGNES.

She opes her eyes, she lives !

BURGUNDY [astounded].

Returns she from
The grave ? Has she subdued all-conquering Death ? —
She rises ! See, she stands erect !

JOHANNA.

[Standing up and looking round.]

Where am I ?

BURGUNDY.

With thine own people, thine own friends.

CHARLES.

In the arms

Of thy dear friend and King.

JOHANNA [gazing wildly around].

No; I am not

A sorceress! Indeed, indeed, I am not.

CHARLES.

Thou art holy as an angel; but our eyes
Were wrapt in night.

JOHANNA [with a serene smile].

And I am with my people;

And am no more rejected and despised?

They do not curse, but look with kindness on, me? —

Yes, I see all distinctly now; this is

My King; those are my country's banners; but

I see not my own banner, — where is it?

I dare not go without my banner; 't was

Intrusted to me by my Heavenly Master,

And only at his throne must I resign it.

I'll show it, for I've borne it faithfully.

CHARLES [with averted face.]

Give her the banner.

[They give it to her. She stands free and erect, with the banner in her hand. The heaven is illumined with a rosy hue.]

JOHANNA.

See you yon rainbow in the air ? Heaven lifts
Its golden portals ; 'midst her angel-choir,
She stands all-glorious, holding on her breast
The Eternal Son. See ! smiling she extends
Her arms towards me. What is this ? — Light clouds
Uplift me — My rough mail is changed to wings.
I mount — I mount — Earth fades — it disappears —
Short is the pang, eternal is the joy !

[The banner falls from her hand, she sinking down upon it. All stand long in speechless emotion. At a slight intimation from the King, all the banners are let down gently upon her, so that she is entirely covered with them.]

NOTES.

Note 1. Page 17.

"Yon Druid-oak."

A tree of unknown antiquity near Domremi, believed to be haunted by Fairies. The curate, in order to drive away these wicked spirits, was wont to repair thither on the eve of the Ascension, and chant one of the Gospels.

Note 2. Page 17.

"The presence of that Gracious Form."

Near the tree above mentioned, was a small Chapel, containing an image of the Virgin, and known by the name of the Hermitage of St. Mary, or the Chapel of our Lady of Bellamont. Thither Jeanne was in the frequent habit of repairing with her votive offerings of candles, flowers, and heart-born prayers and thanksgivings. The spot, on which this structure stood, is still pointed out by the neighbouring inhabitants.

Note 3. Page 17.

"No, never were such dreams."

"Jeanne's father is said to have been frequently disturbed by dreams and apprehensions about his daughter.

One of them was, that she would quit her home with a band of armed men ; in consequence of which, he was induced carefully to watch her, declaring, that, if he thought the dream were likely to be realized, her brothers should drown her, and that, if they did not do so, he would drown her himself." — *Hist. of Jeanne d'Arc*, Vol. I. p. xciii.

NOTE 4. Page 18.

*" Where would you find discreeter, purer worth
Than in your gentle daughter. Is she not
A cheerful handmaid to her elder sisters?
High as she stands, endowed above her fellows,
You yet behold her, like a lowly maiden,
Contented to perform the hardest duties."*

"From every account transmitted to us by contemporary or early writers, it appears, that Jeanne was chaste, modest, patient, gentle, and industrious, fearing God, dispensing alms, hospitable to the necessitous, and attentive to the sick. Notwithstanding her poverty, she found means to succour the needy, and was willing to relinquish her own bed, when the poor applied to her parents for shelter or relief. She was scrupulously obedient to her father and mother, frequented the company of none but the most virtuous females, and was cherished by all the inhabitants of Domremi. She had little taste for the amusements followed by girls of her own age, and, when not engaged in her religious or worldly duties, was fond of conversing with her elders of the Almighty, or of the Virgin Mary, who was the object of her tenderest love and constant thoughts. These characteristics distinguished her through life ; and the priests, to whom she was in the habit of confessing, declared, that they had never witnessed a

female more pure of soul, more humble in spirit, or more resigned, in all trials, to the will of her Creator." — See *Langlet*, Vol. I. pp. 4, 5 ; *Hist. of Jeanne d'Arc*, Vol. I. p. lxxxv.

Note 5. Page 30.

" *Oriflamme*."

"This royal standard, which derived its name from the golden flames wherewith it was embellished, had been sent down, according to traditionary writers, from heaven to Clovis or Charlemagne, and used by the French monarchs in their wars against the Infidels." — *Abbé le Gen-dre*, p. 74.

Note 6. Page 33.

" *Old King René*."

— "King of Naples,
Of both the Sicils, and Jerusalem,
Yet not so wealthy as an English yeoman."

SHAKESPEARE, *Henry VI.*, Part 3.

I have always thought Sir Walter Scott a little too severe on the benevolent old man, and I am glad to find myself countenanced in this opinion by so competent and enlightened a judge as the historian of Ferdinand and Isabella. Mr. Prescott, after observing, that the cognomen of Good was "indicative of a sway far more salutary to his subjects, than the more coveted and imposing title of Great," has the following note ; "Sir Walter Scott, in his 'Anne of Geierstein,' has brought into full relief the ridiculous side of René's character. The good King's fondness for poetry and the arts, although showing itself occasionally in puerile eccentricities, may compare advan-

tageously with the coarse appetites and mischievous policy of contemporary princes. After all, the best tribute to his worth was the earnest attachment of his people." — *Hist. of Ferdinand and Isabella*, Vol. I. p. 54.

Note 7. Page 35.

" *The ancient days of chivalry.*"

"We must not," says Sismondi, "confound chivalry with the Feudal System. The Feudal System may be called the real life of the Middle Ages, possessing its advantages and inconveniences, its virtues and its vices; chivalry, on the contrary, is the ideal world, such as it existed in the imaginations of the romance writers. The essential character of the latter is devotion to woman and to honor. But the poetical notions, which then prevailed, as to the virtues which constituted the perfection of knights and ladies, were not entirely the fictions of the brain. They existed amongst the people, though, perhaps, without being carried into action; and when, at last, they acquired greater stability by the heroic songs in which they were inculcated, they began to assert a more practical influence over the people, who had given them birth, and the realities of the Feudal System became identified with the fictions of chivalry.

"Amongst the *chivalrous*, love always preserved a pure and religious character. COURTS OF LOVE were instituted, over which ladies and princes presided, and where Troubadours or professors of the gay science, (*el gai saber*, for thus poetry was called,) combating in verse, were called on to discuss questions of the most scrupulous delicacy, and the most disinterested gallantry. We find them inquiring successively by what qualities a lover may render

himself most worthy of his mistress ; how a knight may excel all his rivals ; and whether it be a greater grief to lose a lover by death or by infidelity. It was in these games, (or *tensons*, as they were called,) that bravery became disinterested, and that love was exhibited pure, delicate, and tender ; that homage to women became a species of worship ; and that respect for truth was an article in the creed of honor. These elevated maxims, and these delicate sentiments, were mingled, it is true, with a great spirit of refining. If an example was wanted, the most extravagant comparisons were employed ; antitheses and plays upon words supplied the place of proofs. Not unfrequently, as is the case with those, who aim at constructing a system of morals by the aid of talent alone, and who do not found it on experience, the most pernicious sentiments and principles, entirely incompatible with the good order of society and the observance of other duties, were ranked amongst the laws of gallantry. It is, however, very creditable to the Provençal poetry, that it displays a veneration for the beauties of chivalry, and that it has preserved, amidst all the vices of the age, a respect for honor and a love of high feeling. The encouragement given to the Troubadours, by the kings of the house of Plantagenet, had a great influence on the formation of the English language, and furnished Chaucer, the father of English literature, with his first model for imitation. René, Count of Anjou and titular King of Naples and Jerusalem, in the fifteenth century, endeavoured, with great earnestness, to revive Provençal poetry and courts of love. But the effort was too late ; the race of Troubadours had become extinct, and the invasion of the English, who desolated France, did not dis-

pose the minds of the people to renew the cultivation of the joyous science. It is, however, to the zeal of this King, that we owe the lives of the Troubadours, which were collected for him by a Genoese of the family of Cibo, commonly called the Monk of the Isles of Gold." — See SISMONDI, *Literature of the South*, Vol. I. ch. 3, 4, and 6 ; DE SADE, *Vie de Petrarque*, Tom. II. n. 19 ; *Tableaux*, Tom. I. p. 270.

Note 8. Page 35.

"And noble dames sat by to judge the prize."

"Throngs of knights and barons bold,
In weeds of peace, high triumphs hold,
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit or arms."

"When the haughty baron invited to his court the neighbouring lords and knights, three days were devoted to jousts and tourneys, the mimicry of war. The youthful gentlemen, who, under the name of pages, exercised themselves in the profession of arms, combated on the first day ; the second was set apart for the newly created knights ; and the third for the old warriors. The lady of the castle, surrounded by youthful beauties, distributed crowns to those who were declared by the judges of the combat to be the conquerors. She then, in her turn, opened her Court, constituted in imitation of the seignorial tribunals, and, as her baron collected his peers around him when he dispensed justice, so did she form her COURT OF LOVE, consisting of young, beautiful, and lively women. A new career was opened to those who dared the combat, not of arms, but of verse. It frequently hap-

pened, that the knights, who had gained the prize of valor, became candidates for the poetical honors. One of the two, with his harp upon his arm, after a prelude, proposed the subject of contest. The other, then advancing and singing to the same air, answered him in a stanza of like measure and with frequently the same rhymes. This extempore composition was usually comprised in five stanzas. The Court of Love then entered upon a grave deliberation, and discussed, not only the claims of the two poets, but the merits of the question, and a judgment or *Arrêt d'Amour* was given, frequently in verse, by which the dispute was supposed to be decided.

“Many of the ladies, who sat in the Courts of Love, were able themselves to reply to the verses which they inspired. A few of their compositions only remain, but they have always the advantage over those of the Troubadours. Poetry, at that time, aspired neither to creative energy, nor to sublimity of thought, nor to variety of subject and expression. Those powerful conceptions of genius, which, at a later period, have given birth to the drama and the epic, were yet unknown; and in the expression of sentiment, a tenderer and more delicate inspiration naturally endowed the productions of these poetesses with a more lyrical character. One of the most beautiful of these songs is written by Clara d’Andusa.

“Not only temporary Courts of Love were erected in the manors of the greater barons, after every *fête* and tourney, but some of them appear to have received a more solemn form and a more durable existence. Thus, mention is made of the Court of Love of Pierrefeu, in which Stephanette des Baux, daughter of the Count of Provence, presided, and which was composed of ten of the most con-

siderable ladies of the country; of the Court of Love of Romanin, presided over by the lady of that name; and of the Courts of Aix and Avignon, the latter of which was established under the immediate protection of the Pope. These four courts appear to have been permanent bodies, which assembled at fixed periods, and acquired a high reputation for delicacy and gallantry; and to them were submitted such love causes as the inferior courts did not dare to decide." — SISMONDI, *Literature of the South*, Vol. I. ch. 4 and 6.

Note 9. Page 35.

"*I am Love's son.*"

John, Count of Dunois and Longueville, was the natural son of Louis, Duke of Orleans, by the Lady de Gany. Such was the fame he acquired, that the Duchess of Orleans frequently lamented, that she was not his mother, saying, in the phraseology of the day, "Qu'il lui avoit été emblé!" — Grafton relates an anecdote of him somewhat similar to that of Falconbridge in Shakspeare's *King John*. On the death of "the Lorde of Cawny," says the chronicler, "his next of the kinne chalenged the enheritaunce, which was worth foure thousand crownes a yere, alleging, that the boy was a bastard; and the kindred of the mother's side, for to save her honesty, it plainly denied. In conclusion, the matter was in contention before the President of the Parliament of Paris, and there hanged in controversie till the chylde came to the age eight yeres olde. At which time it was demanded of him openly, whose sonne he was? His friendes on his mother's side advertised him to require a day, to be advised of so great an aunswere, which he asked, and to him it was granted.

In the meane season his sayde friendes perswaded him to claime his inheritaunce, as sonne to the Lorde of Cawny, which was an honorable lyvinge, and an auncient patrimony, affirming, that, if he sayde contrarie, he not onely slaundered his mother, shamed himselfe, and steyned his blood, but also should have no lyvinge nor any thing to take to. The scholemaster, thinking that his disciple had well learned his lesson, and would rehearse it accordinge to his instruction, brought him before the judges at the day assigned, and when this question was repeted to him agayne, he boldly aunswered; 'My hart geveth me, and my noble courage telleth me, that I am the sonne of the noble Duke of Orleauunce, more glad to be his bastard with a meane lyving, than the lawefull sonne of that coward cuckold, Cawny, with his foure thousand crownes.' The justices much marveyled at his bolde aunswere, and his mother's cosyns defested him for shaming of his mother, and Cawny's kinne rejoysed in gaining the patrimonie and possessions. Charles, Duke of Orleauunce, hering of this judgment, tooke him into his familie, and gave him great offices and fees, which he well deserved, for (during his, the sayde Charles's captivitie) he defended his landes, expulsed the Englishmen, and, in conclusion, procured his deliveraunce." — GRAFTON, p. 529.

Note 10. Page 40.

"*O mine own Agnes! My beloved Life!*"

"The affection, which the King showed to Agnes Sorel, was as much for her gayety of temper, pleasing manners, and agreeable conversation, as for her beauty. She was very charitable and liberal in her alms, and employed the

influence, which she possessed over her royal lover, for the best purposes ; arousing him from the supineness which his natural indolence led him to encourage, and preventing him from giving up Orleans and retiring to the farthest parts of France, as he was, at one time, inclined to do. History, while it weeps over her frailties, has done justice to her judgment, charity, and greatness of soul. She died at the age of 40, in a very penitent and religious manner, making fine reflections on the vanity of external advantages, and expressing her concern, that she had not been convinced of it but by such an experience." — See MONSTRELETZ, *Chronicles*, and FATHER DANIEL.

Her heart lies buried at the abbey of Jumieges, near Rouen, where she died, but her body was conveyed to the collegiate church of Loches, near which she had been born. At each of these two places, a monument has been erected to her, with the following inscription :

"CY GÎT NOBLE DAMOISELLE AGNES DE SOREL, EN SON VIVANT DAME DE BEAUTÉ, ROCHERIE, ETC., PITEUSE ENVERS TOUTES GENS, ET QUI LARGEMENT DONNOIT DE SON BIEN AUX ÉGLISES ET AUX PAUVRES ; LAQUELLE TRÉPASSA LE NEUFVIÈME JOUR DE FÉVRIER, 1449. PRIEZ DIEU POUR LE REPOS DE L'ÂME D'ELLE. AMEN !"

After the death of Charles the Seventh, the Prebends of Loches, thinking to gratify his successor, Louis the Eleventh, who was known to have hated, and was not free from the suspicion of having poisoned, the fair Agnes, proposed to remove her tomb from the choir of the church, to which the King consented, on condition of their giving up all the wealth which they had received from her hands !

The following lines were written under her picture, by Francis the First, of France.

“Gentille Agnès, plus d'honneur tu mérites,
(La cause étant la France recouvrer)
Que ce que peut dedans un cloître ouvrir
Close Nonnain, ou bien dévot Hermite.”

Note 11. Page 42.

“*Now will the old prediction be fulfilled.*”

“There was a certain prophecy at that time current, derived, as it was said, from the books of the Enchanter Merlin, and announcing, that France, as it would be ruined by one woman, should be saved by another.” — ALAIN DE L'ISLE, *Explanationes in Prophetias Merlini Argli.*

“La Prophétie de Merlin,” says Barante, in his *Hist. des Ducs de Bourgogne*, “était aussi connue dans ces Contrées, et l'on ajoutait même que c'était une Vierge des Marches de la Lorraine qui devait rétablir la France. Jeanne apprit par les voix qu'elle entendait, que c'était elle; et dès lors elle résolut d'aller trouver le Dauphin.” — Charles seems to have been peculiarly indebted to females, more so than to all his ministers and generals combined. Jacqueline of Hainault disunited his enemies; Mary of Anjou and Agnes Sorel inspired him with courage to resist them; and Joan of Arc led on and enabled him to rout and destroy them.” — See *Hist. of Jeanne of Arc*, p. lxx. note.

Note 12. Page 65.

“*The innocence of her ingenuous face.*”

The beauty of Johanna, according to the deposition of

qu'elle existoit alors, supposoit la possibilité d'un culte affreux envers l'enfer; les objets effrayants de la Nature en étoient le symbole, et des signes bizarres le langage. On attribuoit à cette alliance avec le Démon toutes les prospérités de la terre dont la cause n'étoit pas bien connue. Le mot de magie désignoit l'empire du mal sans bornes, comme la Providence le règne du bonheur infini. Cette imprécation, *elle est Sorcière, il est Sorcier*, devenue ridicule de nos jours, faisoit frissonner il y a quelques siècles; tous les liens les plus sacrés se brisoient, quand ces paroles étoient prononcées: nul courage ne les bravoit, et le désordre qu'elles mettoient dans les esprits étoit tel, qu'on eût dit que les démons de l'enfer apparoissoient réellement, quand on croyoit les voir apparôître." — *De l'Allemagne, Seconde Partie, Ch. xix.*

Note 17. Page 194.

"*Soldier, ascend yon watch-tower; look around,
And say, how fares the fortunes of the day.*"

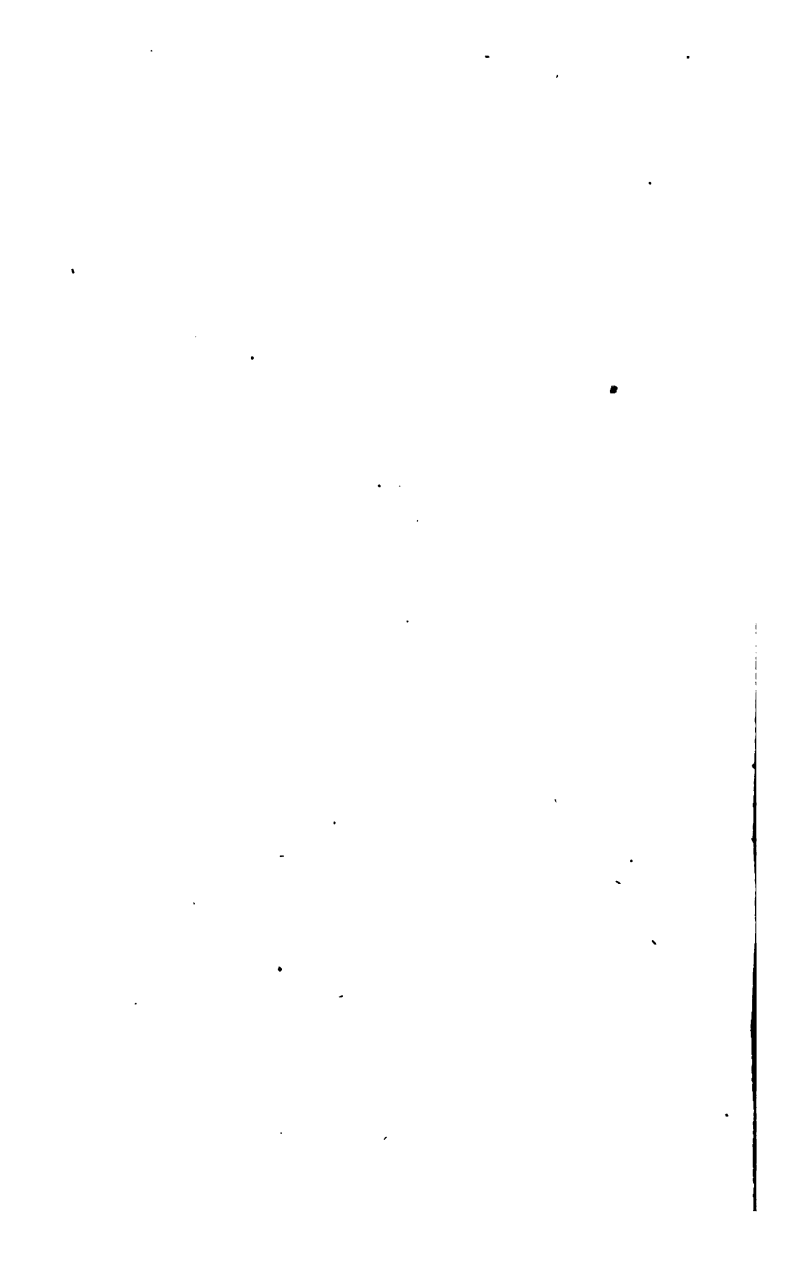
Sir Walter Scott has chosen these lines for his motto to a similar scene in *Ivanhoe*.

Note 18. Page 204.

. "*Earth fades; it disappears.*"

"The world recedes, it disappears." — POPE.

MISCELLANEOUS.



THE FIFTH OF MAY.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF MANZONI.

~~~~~  
"Vergin di servo encomio  
E di codardo oltraggio,  
Sorge or commosso al subito  
Sparir di tanto raggio,  
E sciolgie all' urna un cantico,  
Che forse non morrà."

STANZ. II.

~~~~~  
HE WAS ; — now motionless and lone, —
All hushed life's latest sighs,
That mighty breath for ever flown, —
The unconscious ruin lies,
And Earth, as desolate and chill,
Earth, awestruck at the tale, is still ;
Mute musing o'er the last sad hour
Of the portentous man,
Nor knows when mind of equal power
Shall flame in glory's van,
When mortal step, so vast, so dread,
Shall thunder o'er her blood-stained bed.

Him, high enthroned in sovereign state,
I saw, nor woke the strain ;
When, by vicissitude of fate,
He fell, rose, sank again,

Though thousand voices rang around,
Mine joined not in the empty sound.
 No dastard outrage on these lips,
 No breath of servile praise,
Now, in that mighty sun's eclipse,
 My virgin voice I raise,
And twine, around his distant tomb,
A wreath, which yet perchance may bloom.

From Alp to Pyramid, from far
Manzanar to the Rhine,
We heard the thunder-crash of war,
 We saw his lightnings shine ;
On, on they burst, from sea to sea,
From Tanais to Sicily.
 Was this true glory? Future time
 Will say ; meanwhile, in dim
Suspense, before that Power sublime
 We bow, who willed in him
To stamp a trace more dread, more grand,
Of his own all-creative hand.

The trembling and tempestuous thrill
 Of thought, of purpose high,
The anxious heart, the unbending will,
 That burned to rule or die,
And grasped and held a power, a scope,
Not Folly's self had dared to hope, —
 All this he proved ; and glory bright,
 Enhanced by perils past,
The strife, the victory, the flight,
 And exile sad, at last,

Twice prostrats — in the dust o'erthrown —
And twice exalted to a throne.

HE NAMED HIMSELF; — in deathlike gloom,
Against each other armed,
To him, expectant of their doom,
Two ages turn, — alarmed ;
He saw, judged, spake his sovereign will,
And, at the mandate, both were still. —
HE VANISHED ; — on a lonely isle,
In languor closed his days,
A mark for envy's baleful smile,
For pity's softest lays,
For inextinguishable hate,
And love, triumphant over fate.

As on the shipwrecked wretch's head
The o'erwhelming billow weighs,
From which, but now, with arms outspread
And wandering, wistful gaze,
He vainly strove, whilst heaved on high,
Some far-off headland to descry ;
Thus on that soul the gathering shade
Of sad reflection fell ; —
Alas, how often he essayed
His own vast tale to tell,
Whilst, on the eternal page, unmanned
Down sank his listless hand.

And O, how oft, when silent day
Was lingering in the west,

Downcast those eyes of lightning-ray,
Arms folded on his breast,
He stood, whilst memory of the past
Its quivering flashes round him cast :
Again, as in glory's day, revealed
He saw his eagles fly,
Saw the waving plume, and the tented field,
And the squadrons rushing by,
The warriors that heard but to obey,
And the monarchs who crouched beneath his sway.

In pangs like these, against despair
The breathless spirit strove,
Fast-sinking ; but a Hand was there,
In pity, from above,
Wafting him into a purer clime,
And leading him on through paths sublime,
That cloudless hope inspire,
To eternal meads, to a prize, which exceeds
E'en the bosom's fond desire,
Where the glory, that round his noontide played,
Is but as silence and as shade.

Lovely, beneficent, divine,
To noblest triumphs prone,
Do thou, O Faith, with joy benign,
Inscribe upon his stone,
That never eminence more proud
To Golgotha's dishonor bowed.
True to his meritis, as his faults,
Be hushed all fiercer zeal ;

The God, who prostrates and exalts,
Who wounds, but loves to heal,
That pitying God was there, to shed
A solace on his desert bed.

FROM SCHILLER'S
"BRIDE OF MESSINA."

THE autumn leaf is swept away ;
Worn out by nature's soft decay,
Age drops into the tomb ;
Does this appall the sober mind ?
No ; e'en the weakest stands resigned
To universal doom.

But when the secret arrow flies,
When murderous rage dissolves the ties
Of love, and hope, and life,
When youth and beauty press the bier, —
Then, then we deem our lot severe,
And quail beneath the strife.

Lo, clouds on clouds the heaven deform !
Serene we wait the coming storm,
Nor dread the menaced blow ;
Yet may the sudden whirlwind rise,
Or fate descend from smiling skies,
To lay our glories low.

E'en whilst we waste the careless hours,
The foe, unseen amidst the flowers,
Our promised joys may blight ;
The sun perhaps, that gilds our bloom,
Is but a halo round the gloom
Of unexpected night.

LÜTZOW'S WILD CHASE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF KÖRNER.

~~~~~  
Ἐλευθεροῦτε πατρίδ', ἠλευθεροῦτε δὲ  
Παῖδας, γυναῖκας, θεῶν τε πατρίων ἴδην,  
Θήκας τε προγόνων· νῦν ὑπὲρ πάντων ἔχων.

ÆSCH. PERS. 401-403.  
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WHAT flashed from yon wood in the sun's trembling ray?
And hark to that fast-coming tread!
And now down it winds, all in darkling array,
While the shrill-sounding bugles ring out, by the way,
In blasts that might startle the dead. —
If ye ask who they are, the black comrades, you see, —
They are Lutzow's wild Hunters, the bold and the free.

What stirs there so quick, in the deep forest-shade,
And, from hill to far hill, flits around?
Now it halts, now it crouches, in night-ambuscade,
Now the hurrah resounds, rifles crack through the glade,
And Frenchmen are biting the ground.
Do you ask who they are, the black rangers, you see?
They are Lutzow's wild Huntsmen, the bold and the free.

Where glow the glad vine-hills, where roars the dark Rhine,
The Tyrant had hoped for repose;

But we 're nigh, we rush on, like the swift lightning-shine,
With stout arms stem the flood, spurn his threatening line,
And spring light on the shore of our foes. —
Do you ask who they are, the black swimmers, you see?
They are Lutzow's wild Hunters, the bold and the free.

What bursts there so loud, from the valley below?
Swords clash, helmets ring, lances rattle!
'T is our wild-hearted horsemen pour down on the foe,
While the fire-spark of Freedom awakes at each blow,
And lends glare to the death-gloom of battle.
And ask who they are, the black horsemen, you see, —
They are Lutzow's wild Hunters, the bold and the free.

Who sinks, gasping there, on the proud field of fame,
Embedded in heaps of the slain?
Death's convulsions are strong on his quivering frame;
But no fears rend his bosom, his heart glows the same,
For his country is freed from her chain!
And ask who they are, the black fallen, you see, —
They were Lutzow's wild Hunters, the bold and the free.

O sons of the chase, German sons of the chase,
Wild hunters of tyrants and slaves!
Let no kindred tears, then, our marble deface,
For the bright morn of Freedom has dawned on our race,
And we conquer, though low in our graves;
And, from age to far ages, the proud boast shall be
Of Lutzow's wild Hunters, the bold and the free.

INSCRIPTION

ON A MONUMENT ERECTED BY A MOTHER OVER HER

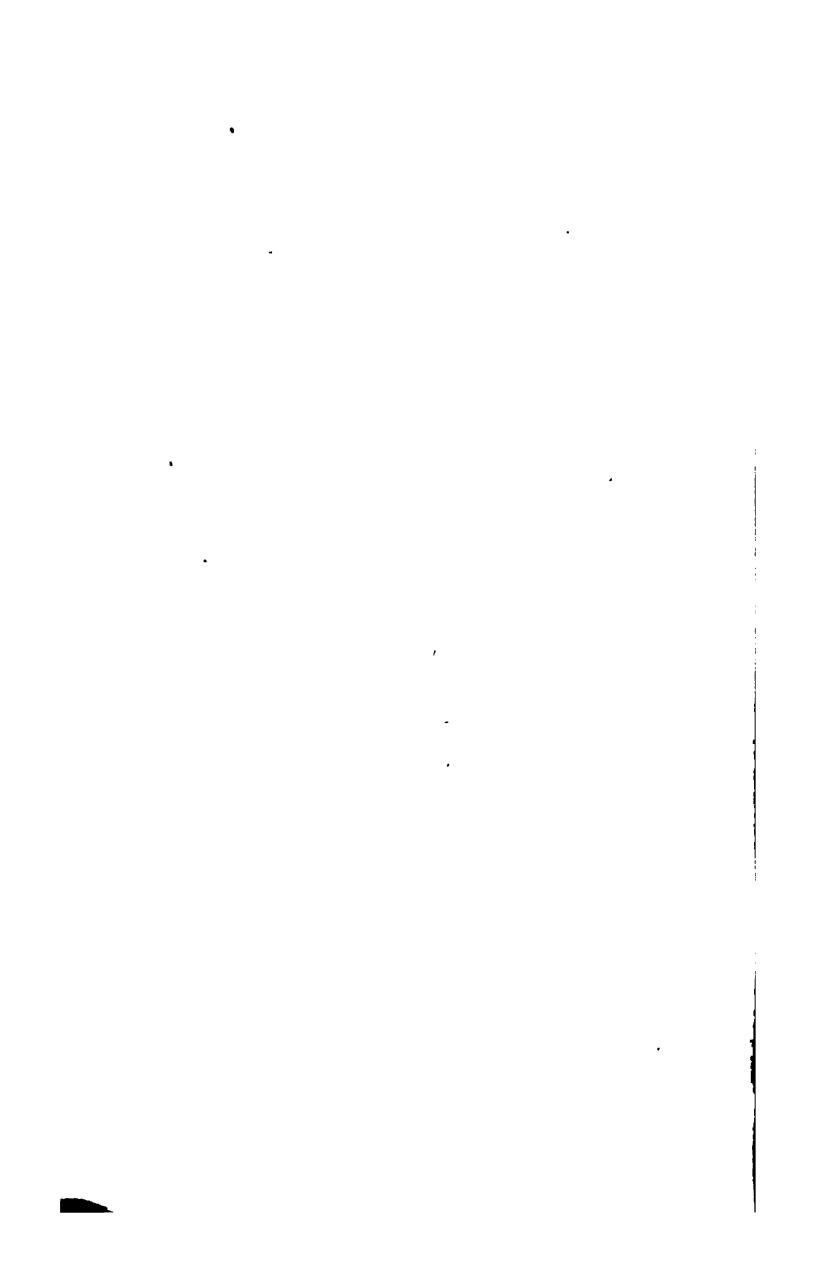
CHILDREN.

[IMITATED FROM THE LATIN.]

ALL, all are gone, — the good, the fair, —
All lost in life's sweet bloom ;
And she, whose age might claim their care,
Survives to raise their tomb.
Then hush, fond hearts, — hearts, that have not
A parent's rapture known, —
And, if ye envied once my lot,
Now learn to bless your own.

THE END.







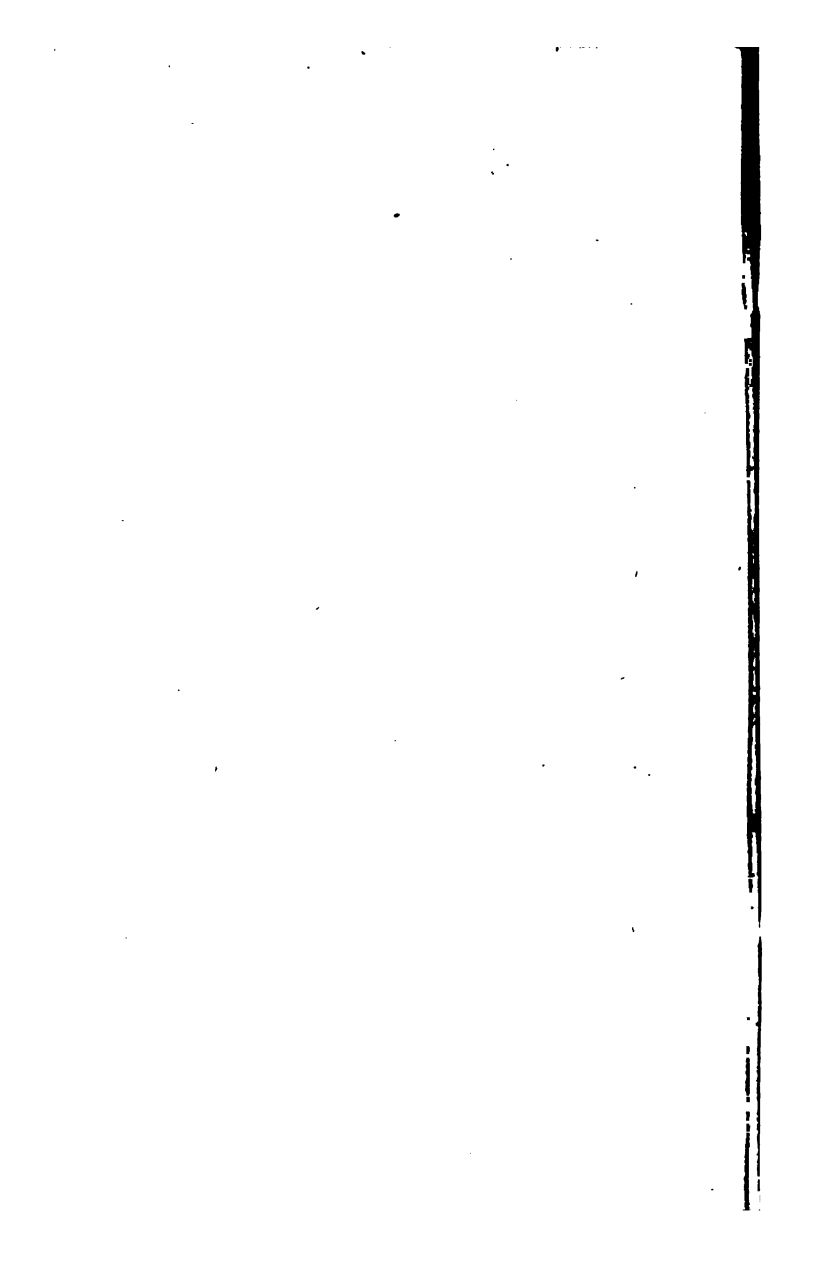




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